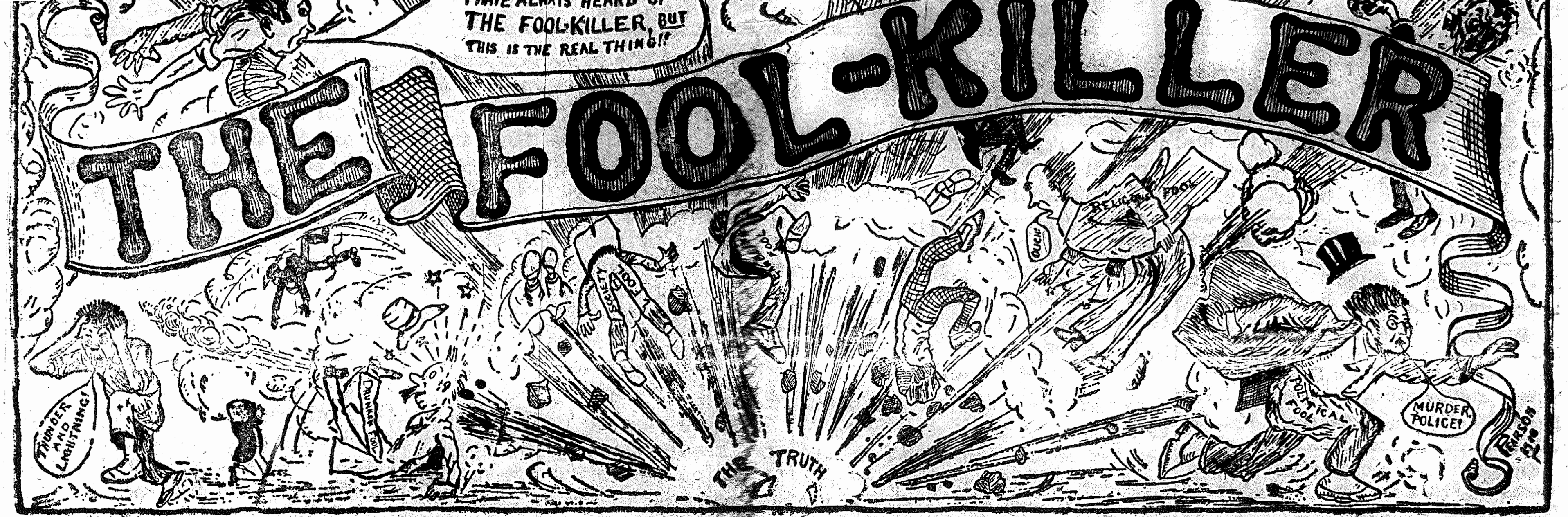

Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, January, 1921. Number 11.

ELEVEN YEARS OF IT

Just eleven years ago this month I started The Fool-Killer.

It was a leap in the dark.

I had no idea whether it would lead to success or starvation.

Well, it has led to some of both.

I was so near to starvation that it didn't take much leading to get me there.

And so I wasn't afraid.

One consolation about being on the bottom is that you can't fall.

These eleven years have been among the great years of the world's history.

No equal number of previous years have held so much of bigness.

They were freighted with the destiny of nations—and they had a wreck.

These years have witnessed the beginning of the end of the present order.

They have screaked and

My mind is so fully occupied with my studies and my writing that I am not very well fitted to do any thing else. I have always needed a capable BUSINESS MAN to run the business end of the paper, and let me have nothing to do but the writing. If I could have had such a partner from the very beginning, this paper would have had a million subscribers today. But all of the experienced printers and publishers were so full of the old orthodox ideas that they wouldn't touch my dangerous heresy with a forty-foot pole. I couldn't convince them that millions of the intelligent common people were anxious to read my fool gab, and that it would be a great success. So I just had to shoulder the whole burden and drag along the best I could.

But a few months ago I found a man—Mr. Ralph Swanson—who was willing to risk his chances with me for a while. He is

ANOTHER YEAR.

By the time this issue reaches you the old year 1920 will have made its last bow and departed. You will never see it again. What you did or what you neglected to do during the year cannot be remedied then.

You are twelve months older than you were a year ago.

And you have changed.

Maybe you can't see it.

But others can.

You are a little leaner.

Or a little fatter.

A little prettier.

Or a little uglier.

A little better.

Or a little worse.

A little happier.

Or a little sadder.

It all depends on how you have used the year that is gone.

But you will say—

"Oh, I WANTED to do so many things, but I couldn't. The chain of circumstance held me fast. I was helpless."

But the fact is that "bulk opinion" is nearly always wrong. If it ever does get on the right side of any question it does it at the wrong time. It is just as fickle as the wind and as unintelligent as a mob.

FISHING FOR POPULARITY

"Finally opposition to the League of Nations became so popular that the Republicans decided to make it an issue," says a Republican editor. Stop and let that soak in. A plain, flat-footed admission that the Repubs will grab at anything they think will be "popular" regardless of whether it is right or wrong. If opposition to the League was RIGHT, why did the Repubs have to wait for it to get "popular" before they made it an issue? Why can't they have backbone enough to champion a good cause even when it is unpopular? Can't you take a hint without ness.

They were freighted with the destiny of nations—and they had a wreck.

These years have witnessed the beginning of the end of the present order.

They have screaked and groaned under their mighty burden as they turned on the axeltree of time.

To me and mine personally they have been a mixture of success and failure, of joy and sorrow, of hope and despair. We have had some experiences that we would not like to repeat. And also some others that are welcome to set their shoes under our bed just any old time.

And so, when we average it all up, we can see that it might have been worse.

Although eleven full years have passed, the figures on the front page of The Fool-Killer do not show eleven volumes finished. That is because local conditions from time to time have made it necessary to skip issues. But I have always tried to give each subscriber the number of copies paid for. I have had complaints that some did not get all the copies printed, but any such case was due to causes beyond my control.

Everything considered, The Fool-Killer has been a success, but not as big a success as it might have been under different conditions. The trouble with me has been is this: I am first, last and all the time a WRITER, and whatever I have done in the way of RUNNING a BUSINESS has just been a matter of necessity that it would be a great success. So I just had to shoulder the whole burden and drag along the best I could.

But a few months ago I found a man—Mr. Ralph Swanson—who was willing to risk his chances with me for a while. He is not what you would call an experienced publisher, but he has natural talent and is making a good start. He has been getting out the paper promptly and ahead of time since he took charge.

Even Ralph does not agree with some of my views. He probably thinks I am crazy sometimes. But he seems willing to let me run loose and write what I please.

And now this Fool-Killer business is a three-sided concer. My job is to furnish the chin-music. Ralph's job is to print it and send it out. YOUR job is to circulate it among your friends and send it big clubs every few days. If we will all work together just right we can make 1921 the biggest year in The FoolKiller's history. I am going to do my part, and Ralph is going to do his. And of course I know you folks out on the "firing line" are going to do your part too. You never have failed me yet, and I am banking on you now. That's right! Thank you!

Dr. Frank Crane simply makes me sick with his "inspirational" hog-wash in the plute magazines. Frank is so sweet and sugary that somebody ought to put a tin flapper to his mouth and use him for a 'lasses jar.

Or a little sadder.

It all depends on how you have used the year that is gone.

But you will say—

"Oh, I WANTED to do so many things, but I couldn't. The chain of circumstance held me fast. I was helpless."

Yes, I know all about that.

I was in the same fix.

And that is the thunder of it.

I don't blame you a bit because you didn't accomplish big things.

I didn't either.

And the chances are I won't do any great things next year.

But I will try.

It is the trying that counts.

Will you try?

Shake on that.

And now all aboard for 1921.

"BULK OPINION."

A widely-read plute writer has just published an article called "Bulk Opinion." This writer happens to be a Republican, and he is pleased because the "bulk opinion" of the voters seemed to favor Harding and the Republican party. So far he is very consistent. But this Republican writer who believes in "bulk opinion" is also bitterly opposed to the League of Nations. And there he begins to be inconsistent. The fact that 48 nations have joined the League indicates that the "bulk opinion" of the world at large is in favor of it. Then how can he oppose the League of Nations if he believes in accepting bulk opinion? What he probably means is that he believes in bulk opinion when bulk opinion happens to go his way.

opposition to the League was RIGHT, why did the Repubs have to wait for it to get "popular" before they made it an issue? Why can't they have backbone enough to champion a good cause even when it is unpopular? Can't you take a hint without being knocked down with it? Huh?

JUST WATCHING THE SHOW.

It is impossible for me to remain absolutely neutral and take no part in the great controversies that now rage over the world. I see so many things that the world at large does not see. I have an understanding of the passing events that the world does not have. Therefore it seems to be my duty to tell these things to the world.

And yet the very minute I begin to tell them, right then I cease to be a neutral. I have taken sides. Or it may be that instead of taking somebody else's side, I have simply MADE A NEW SIDE. For the thought of the world is in such a jumble that I can't find any line of teaching with which I can fully agree. Various groups of thinkers agree with me on some points and are bitterly opposed to me on others.

So it often seems to me that I am in a little crowd all to myself. And that suits me as well as any. I will just stand here on my little hilltop and watch the world go by. And as it goes staggering and stumbling by day after day, the only comment that seems to fit the case is, "What a fool world!"

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
Ralph Swanson - - - - Publisher
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

PAYING FOR THE WHISTLE.

Old Ben Franklin tells us in his O-to-be-a-hog-raphy that once when he was a small boy he bought a "whistle" and paid too much for it. And that's how we got our familiar expression about "paying for his whistle."

That is the prelude.

Now here is the music.

The little island of Guam is one of "our possessions," like the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, etc. The governor of Guam is an American monarch by the name of W. W. Gilmer, and just to show off his power and authority, Gov. Gilmer has issued

A SERMON ON THE RESURRECTION.

And now, my dearly befuddled, we will start the New Year with a "Sermon on the Resurrection." I will use as my text a quotation from a letter from John McDonald, of Waitsburg, Washington. It is a rather long text, but I think you will agree that it has got a good deal of fat on its bones. Here it goes:

"What I want to know is in regard to the body at the time of and after the last resurrection. Shall we arise from the dead when the final trumpet sounds with the same broken, shrivelled, loathsome, diseased body that was ours at the time of our demise? Or will it be the body that was full of life, vigor and health when we were young and hearty? Another unanswered difficulty looms up: We are told by experienced men that the human body is continually wasting away and at the same time being rebuilt by nourishment through partaking of food. This change is a slow process, requiring about seven years in the acquiring of a new body. So a man seventy years of age would have ten bodies ,or one very large indeed. Think for a moment, if you can, the spectacle he would make, with finger nails and toe nails ten feet long, and hair streaming out behind like fifteen feet of fog, and tipping the scales at half a ton or more, after he had gophered himself out of his grave."

And he goes on with a lot more like that, but I have quoted enough to show the main drift of his thought. It is the same question that has bothered the minds of people in all ages. And really it is not such a fool question, either. It deserves an an-

rection of the same body that is buried. Let me prove it by Rev. Postle Paul, D. D.:

"But some will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body." 1st Cor. 15:35-38.

There you see Paul illustrates the resurrection by the figure of planting or sowing grain. And he calls our attention to the fact that the thing we plant is NOT the thing that comes up. You take a grain of corn and plant it in the ground. Does that same grain of corn come up out of the ground? No indeed! A little green sprout coms up out of it and grows to produce more corn, but the grain of corn that you planted stays right there in the ground, and it finally rots and goes away to nothing. The sprout preserves the "identity" of the seed grain and God givs it ANOTHER BODY. There is a sort of "corn-memory" in the sprout which makes it grow up and produce more corn. You never knew a grain of corn to produce apples or pumpkins, did you? And you never knew a pumpkin seed to produce oats. God gives to every seed its own kind of body, but not the same body. And Paul says it will be that way in the resurrection of the human race.

But somebody will bounce up on a cracker-box and want to know how the "identity" of the individual can be preserved unless there is an immortal soul

and function as well without a body as with one—then there would certainly be no need of a resurrection of any sort. More than that, there would have been no use for bodies in the first place. Then why in the name of common sense did God ever make human bodies at all? Why didn't he just make naked immortal souls and let them float around in space and live on the wind? Just think how much cheaper that would have been. No vittles and clothes to buy, no houses to build, no taxes to pay—why, man, a feller could actually save something, couldn't he?

One fool who undertakes to uphold the "eternal torment" doctrine and argues against annihilation, tries to make a point by saying that the word "annihilation" is not found in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations. Maybe not, but neither is "eternal torment." What are you going to do about that, buddy? It is said to be a poor rule that won't work both ways. Huh?

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HOME BIBLE STUDY CLUB,
Hudson, Ill.

one of our possessions, like the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, etc. The governor of Guam is an American monarch by the name of W. W. Gilmer, and just to show off his power and authority, Gov. Gilmer has issued an order that no inhabitant of Guam shall be permitted to whistle. The fine for each and every offense is five dollars. The Governor says in his order that the act of puckering up the lips and blowing through the hole makes "an unnecessary and irritating noise, which must be discontinued."

But of course those who are rich and able to pay the fine can whistle right on. The anti-whistling order was only meant for the poor. Perhaps a rich man's whistle would not sound so irritating to the American monarch, nohow.

That is some more of the "self-determination" that you have been hearing so much about. Being deprived of every other liberty by the American monarchs, the poor Guamians were probably just "whistling to keep up their courage," and now they are deprived of even that privilege. Next thing they know American "liberty" will not allow them to speak nor draw their breath without paying a fine. No doubt Guam thinks that in falling under the thumb of Uncle Sam she has "paid too much for her whistle."

New York State is greatly excited by the report that wolves have been seen in the Adirondacks. Why, that's nothing. It's a very common thing for the wolves of Wall Street to take vacations in the mountains.

enough to show the main drift of his thought. It is the same question that has bothered the minds of people in all ages. And really it is not such a fool question, either. It deserves an answer, but from the orthodox standpoint it cannot be answered. To those who believe and teach that the identical same body that is buried will be raised, this is a stunner. For indeed science does teach that we get a new body every seven years, and the bodies that we have in youth are just as much our bodies as the ones that we get as we grow older. And it would seem that the discarded bodies of youth would have just as much right to be raised as the body we happen to have at death. And if all the physical substance that has ever been a part of our body should be gathered up and raised as one body, it shore to goodness would be a whopper. It would be a young body and an old one, a healthy body and a diseased one, all mixed up like a sack of chicken-feed.

But there is a mighty slick way of getting around all that trouble when you once begin to understand the real teaching of scripture on the subject. The Bible does NOT teach the resurrection of the same body that is buried.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

That's fainted folks hitting the floor.

I knew that statement would make somebody faint.

But just let 'em lie, and we'll go on with our rat-killin'.

Yes, honey, it's a fact. The Bible does NOT teach the resur-

the human race.

But somebody will bounce up on a cracker-box and want to know how the "identity" of the individual can be preserved unless there is an immortal soul that lives on after the body dies. Easy enough. How is the "identity" of a turnip-seed preserved? It hasn't got an immortal soul, has it? Then why is it that a turnip seed never produces strawberries or chestnuts? If Paul had not known that his illustration of seed-sowing fitted the case he would not have used it. Any fool ought to know that.

Every fact of your life—every thought, feeling and emotion that makes you an individual—is preserved in the memory of God, and God never forgets anything. The preservation of your identity through the period of death does not require you to be alive and conscious all the time. Such a thought would indicate that God was forgetful, and that He was depending on you to keep your own records. But that isn't the case at all. God will keep all the records concerning you while you are dead, and the thing that will be raised at the resurrection will be your personal identity—your same mind and consciousness that you now have—and God will give you a NEW body, just as He gives a new body to the grain of corn. It is easy enough to see that you CANNOT be conscious while you have no living body, because your consciousness depends on a living body for its very existence. If you could be alive and conscious without a body—if your mentality could float on the empty air

sirable. Nothing gained by waiting. Order NOW!

HOME BIBLE STUDY CLUB,
Hudson, Ill.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

Cora Wallace Pearson is the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. From time to time I have told the readers of this paper something of my wife's affliction, but she always objects to having anything said in the paper about her sickness. However, I just mention it here to remind you that you ought to have her little collection of poems, just issued under the title of "Bluets and Buttercups." The booklet contains about twenty poems, a few written before she got sick, but most of them later, during the days of her affliction. Besides showing a good deal of the true poet's touch, these poems breathe the spirit of a heart heroic in suffering. Every reader of The Fool-Killer ought to have a copy of Cora's book. Beautifully printed and tastefully bound, with portrait of author. She will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and she will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both books together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

ANOTHER ONE OFF THE TRACK

There is a little paper called Present Truth Messenger published down in Florida. It has many good things in it from time to time, and I always enjoy reading it. But here lately I see it is riding one hobby that will certainly buck and throw it some of these days.

What I mean is that the P. T. M. is trying to convince itself and its readers that the Jewish Question does not exist. It thinks that question was settled for all time away back in the past somewhere—possibly in the year 70 A. D. It takes the position that the Jews were permanently cast off, and that they will never be restored to favor any more. It stubbornly ignores the voluminous prophecies of Israel's national glory in the latter days—prophecies that cannot possibly be applied to anything else but literal fleshly Israel.

How intelligent people can be so blind is a mystery to me. Why, goodness sakes alive, where are their eyes? What's the reason they can't see that the thing they deny is already coming to pass? The race that has been scattered and homeless for 2500 years is already taking its place at the head of the nations. Nobody will deny that individual Jews and groups of Jews control the world's biggest affairs. And they have forced the Peace Conference and the League of Nations to give them a free hand in Palestine. Of course they are going to be restored to national existence, and they are going to rule the world. The very same prophecies that tell of their long ages of dispersion and suffering also tell of

A TRAITOR'S TESTIMONY

In the December issue of the American Magazine Bruce Barton has a long and bitter article against Bolshevism, and the main bulk of the article seems to be quoted from a book by John Spargo. And Barton tries to make great capital out of the alleged fact that Spargo is a Socialist. The idea is that quoting a Socialist against Bolshevism would be powerful strong evidence of its badness.

Maybe so.

But—

John Spargo is not a Socialist. There was a time years ago when he claimed to be a Socialist. But later he gained wealth and popularity as a writer, and his success turned his head. He deserted the poor man's party and lined up with the plutes, where he has since remained. During the war he was one of the biggest war jingoes in the whole push, and as a result he made himself solid with all the powers of plutocracy.

You will occasionally find a man like that, who will let a little success ruin him. But where you find one traitor among the Socialist writers you will find many who remain true to their class no matter what happens.

And so a quotation from John Spargo against Bolshevism is about as valuable as a chicken' thief's opinion of a bull dog.

A CHUNK OF TRUTH.

A man by the name of Frank P. Walsh was one of Woodpile Wilson's right-hand buddies a few years ago. He was Chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee for awhile and did the cause of labor some good service.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue

the Peace Conference and the League of Nations to give them a free hand in Palestine. Of course they are going to be restored to national existence, and they are going to rule the world. The very same prophecies that tell of their long ages of dispersion and suffering also tell of restoration and glory. We know very well that the first part has been fulfilled, and we only have to look around us to see that the last part is BEING fulfilled right before our eyes.

The only reason I can think of why people do not see these things is because they refuse to look. They have just chawed on the old dry straw of orthodox error so long that they do not know good prophetic fodder when they see it. They have been satisfied to have their thinking done by a few narrow-minded "expositors" who couldn't have told a Jewish temple from a Gentile cow, and they have never inteligently studied the question for themselves.

Why don't you help 'em weep about the danger that the "existing order" may be destroyed? Look around over the world and see what a glorious success the "existing order" has made, and then ask yourself if it hadn't orter be preserved. Huh?

"I have often thought no opinion is worth anything until it is a hundred years old," says Ed Howe in his "Monthly." Say, Ed, why in the thunder didn't you get born a hundred years earlier? Then your opinions might not have been so worthless as they are now.

A man by the name of Frank P. Walsh was one of Woodpile Wilson's right-hand buddies a few years ago. He was Chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee for awhile and did the cause of labor some good service.

Of course it wasn't Woodpile's fault that Frank was an honest man. Woodpile didn't know it when the appointment was made. So the government had to just put up with Frank's honesty till it could get rid of him.

The record of Frank P. Walsh shows him to be one of the very few public men who have shown a disposition to give labor a square deal. And here is a post-election statement from Frank that rings true:

"Eugene V. Debs is a man who stands out as a great American figure, on whose body are the wounds and scars of the battles he has fought for the masses. The people will never know the millions of votes cast for Debs, for they will not be counted, and the conspiracy of silence maintained by the press will suppress even the figures that the politicians may give out."

If Harding will appoint a Postmaster General who shows some little symptoms of common sense I will feel almost like hugging the old rascal.

Somebody has started the report that only one woman voted in Georgia. Now let me tell you another to match that: There is only one grain of sand on the seashore. Can anybody tell a bigger one.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Wauchula, Fla., R1, Bx. 86.

Dear Sir:

A friend handed me the November number of your paper a few days ago in Jacksonville, and I wrote you a card for Mr. J. H. Warren, R2, Bx 95. I am sending you a list of five subs, including m yown on a separate sheet. When I reach home I hope to send another club and others later as fast as I can catch them, as long as you explain the Bible as you are now doing. I believe the Lord is using you to sow the Truth and open up some blind eyes. The nominal churches have many blind leaders who sadly need light, but wilfully refuse to see. But there are many of their hearers who are open to reason and will listen to such as you.

You seem well aware that a change in human affairs is near, and you have a way of calling attention to these things that none can resist. When you get one amused and interested and hand him the Truth he is much more likely to see the point. It is true that with the blindness the church systems have preached to the world for centuries, your efforts are only a pebble from the brook, but with your sling you will surely be a worthy foe to the entrenched systems of error. I believe you can safely count on all who love the Truth to hold up your hands in every possible way. May the Lord give you more and more of the Light and help you to do the work you seem so well fited for.

Yours by His Grace,
F. M. MORRIS.

Rochester, Texas.

Dear Sir:

I have been a reader of The Fool-Killer for more than a year and I will say that the longer I read it the better I like it, and each copy gets better. I wish every home was supplied with your paper, though we know some

HOME-MADE POETRY

by

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
BOOMER, N.C.

HOWDY!

Hello! Look out! Now listen, honey!
I want to pay you for your money,
And so that's why
I thought I'd try
Some other way of being funny.

I think a few poetic chatters
Will sorter even up our matters,
For goodness knows
I've writ in prose
Till I have worn it all to taters.

And so I beg your kindest mercies
On thes-her little home-made verses.
And I do hope
This kind of dope
Will make you loosen up your purses.

For it's a fact there's no disputin'
It takes an awful sight o' rootin'
To raise the rocks
To buy the stocks
To keep this gospel horn a-tootin'.

BUT THEIR LEADER IS A JEW.

When the Christians come together for the worship of the Lord;
When they make their happy music—singin' all in sweet accord—
There is somethin' they should think of, but they hardly ever do—
They are known as Christian people, but their Leader was a Jew.

When we had to fight the Kaiser, an' the armies had to drill,

THERE, HENRY, DON'T GET SCARED.

Henry Ford has got excited at the power of the Jews,
And his Dearborn Independent is a-publishing the news.
He secured an able writer to investigate the facts,
And the series now appearing piles the evidence in stacks.

There is proof beyond all question (you may buy it in a book)
That the Jew is in the saddle each direction you can look.
He controls the politicians and the money power too,
And the policies of statesmen are dictated by the Jew.

This is all as true as gospel, and I knew it years ago,
And I told it in this paper, so you-unses might know;
But I didn't try to scare you like I'd told you something bad;
I just wanted to explain it, so you'd know it and be glad.

Yes, the Jews are going to rule us, and at first we may complain,
And we may not like their methods, but to fight them is in vain;
For the mighty God of heaven has declared it shall be so,
And whatever way they do it is the way it has to go.

We among whom they were scattered in the generations past—
It is not for us to tell them how to get on top at last.
Just be still and watch it happen, and don't raise a hand to fight,
For I tell you God is in it, and it's bound to be all right.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Said the spider to the fly,
"Dinner-time is drawing nigh;
Please walk in and have a seat—

'Course I dunno when I may,
But I'm sound enough today,
And I'm hoping for the best;
Yes, I sure can work a heap,
And that's just the way to keep
Full of life and zest.

BETSEY BOBBITT.

That she's old and out of kilter,
Like they bobbled when they built her,
Is a fact I gues nobody will dispute;
There is nothin' left to show it,
If a person didn't know it,
But I bet you Betsy Bobbitt was a beaut.

When her hair was thick and golden,
Like the sunset you've beholden
From the hilltop in the pasture over there;
When her face s free from wrinkles,
And her eyes were ful of twinkles,
I've a mighty settled notion she was fair.

That's the way with every maiden,
When she sorter gets to fadin'—
People can't remember nothin' but the bad;
But we'd all be actin' wiser
If we'd only try to prize her
For the captivatin' beauty that she had.

BUT WE CAN LEARN.

Well, of course it should be stated
That we're unsophisticated
In our youth;
We are easy of conviction,
And will swallow any fiction
For the truth.

When we first begin to waddle
We are fed on "goody" twaddle
All the time;
Yes, they preach it and they shout it,
And to question it or doubt it
Is a crime.

Dear Sir:

I have been a reader of The Fool-Killer for more than a year and I will say that the longer I read it the better I like it, and each copy gets better. I wish every home was supplied with your paper, though we know some people are so prejudiced that they won't read anything except just that which fits their belief, or rather what their church stands for. And I will say right here there is not 5 per cent of the church members today who know what their church stands for.

I like your views on the Bible very much, and also your political views. As soon as I read your paper I hand it or send it to some one else to read, as I want to see the truth reach every one. There are but two things I dislike about your paper - it is not large enough, and it does not come often enough. I would love to have a daily filled with just such truths I am enclosing a club of four, and also a list of names to whom I would be glad for you to send sample copies.

W. L. HARCROW.

Rochester, Texas.

Kind Sir:

I have been a reader of your little paper for several months, and must with frankness confess that I cannot see how any sane, thinking, truth-loving person could fail to comprehend the truths as set forth in your paper. The thing for people to do is to lay aside their prejudice and man-taught ideas and do some real thinking and studying for themselves. If they would do this they would really be surprised to see just how ignorant and misinformed they have been.

It seems it takes folks longer to unlearn things than to learn them. Your litle paper is a real eye-opener, just the thing so many people need.

MRS. W. L. HARCROW.

of, but they hardly ever do—
They are known as Christian people,
but their Leader was a Jew.

When we had to fight the Kaiser, an'
the armies had to drill,
So that when they got to Europe they
could surely shoot to kill,
We had many sorts of people all
a-workin' through an' through,
Bossin' matters here an' yander, but
their leader was a Jew.

When the Union Labor forces of
America have met
To get all the recognition that they
possibly can get,
They're a mixed-up aggregation, they
're a Babel of a crew,
Mostly Gentiles, I'll acknowledge, but
their leader is a Jew.

When the Russians revoluted and the
Bolsheviks were born,
People everywhere denounced them
with the bitterest of scorn;
They were said to be a failure, but the
statement wasn't true;
Now we wonder at their power, but
their leader is a Jew.

When the Paris League of Nations in
Geneva by the Alps
Gets its scalpin' outfit ready for the
little nations' scalps,
There's the same mysterious feature
sticking out so plain in view—
They're a gang of Gentile nations, but
their leader is a Jew.

If you'll look around a little in the
different parts of earth,
And will notice every movement that's
of interest or worth,
You will see that nearly always this
peculiar thing is true—
Anything that has a leader—well, the
leader is a Jew.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Said the spider to the fly,
"Dinner-time is drawing nigh;
Please walk in and have a seat—
There'll be something good to eat."

So the fly, with bow and grin,
Thanked the spider and went in.
He had no suspicious thought
Till he found that he was caught.

Then he plead to be turned loose,
But his pleading was no use;
For the spider winked his eye,
And then ate the foolish fly.

Men who claim to be so wise
Ain't much smarter than the flies;
They delight in being blind,
And wont' use their eyes and mind.

They will vote from year to year
With the judgment of a steer,
Satisfied with being slaves
Till they totter to their graves.

I'M AS YOUNG AS I FEEL.

I have frequently been told
That I'm surely growing old,
But my flesh is smooth and plump;
I can cut a stick of wood
Quickly as I ever could;
I can also run and jump.

I would also like to state
That I have no shiney pate,
For I've never lost my hair;
And I'm also glad to say
That there's not a bit of gray
Ever been discovered there.

I can eat enough for two,
And my stomach's good as new,
And my eyes have never dimmed;
Never wore no specs at all,
Never had the Doc to call,
Never had my innards trimmed.

When we first begin to waddle
We are fed on "goody" twaddle
All the time;
Yes, they preach it and they shout it,
And to question it or doubt it
Is a crime.

We must love and trust the teacher,
We must take some certain preacher
For our guide;
We must let some human pigeon
Hand us out some stock religion
Cut and dried

Some folks go through life believing
All the "bull" they are receiving
From the plutes;
And to me it's rather funny
How they worship God and money
In cahoots.

But some of us, not so trusting,
Often feel like nearly busting
With disgust,
While the rich are turkey-carving
And the honest poor are starving
On a crust.

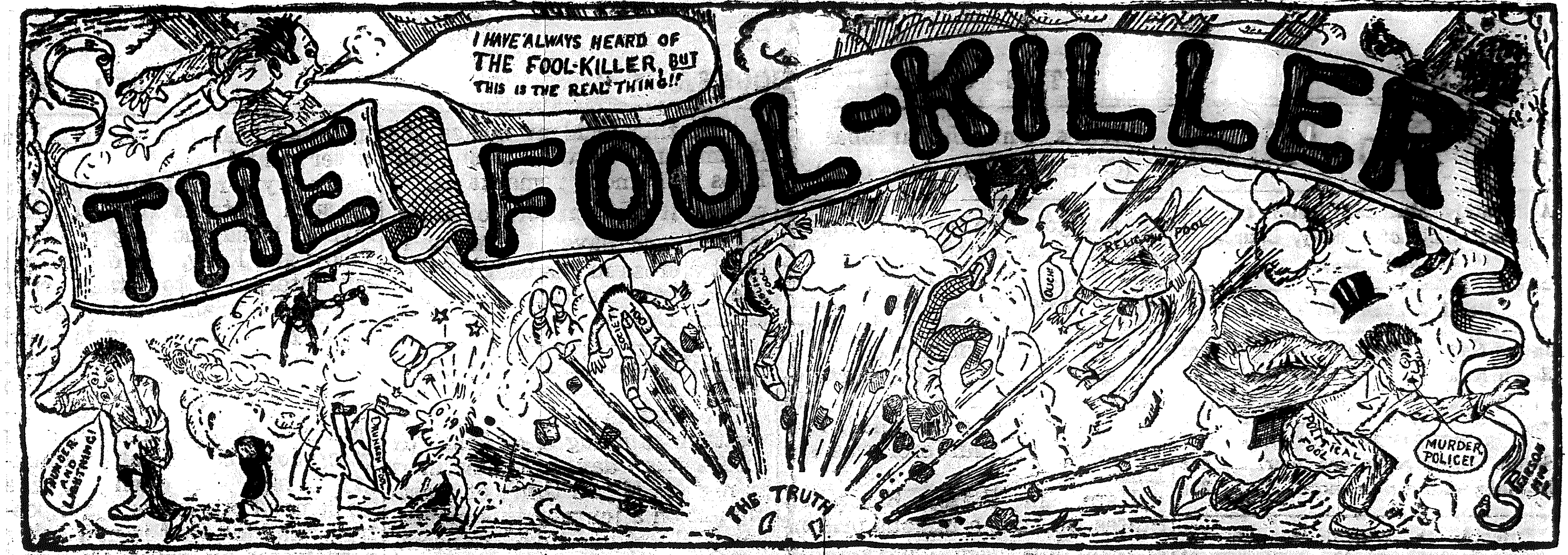
GOOD-BYE

Now, Mister Reader, I am through
Till February comes in view,
view,
And I would like to ask of you—
How will this sort of racket do?

If you admire this kind of chat
Just drop a quarter in my hat
And say, "Go on and knock 'em flat,"
And I'll be tickled some at that.

So if it fills your soul with bliss
And seems like something you can't
miss,
Just kiss your hand and throw the
kiss
And I will do some more like this.

But if it's rotten to the core,
And you consider it a bore,
Just let me know that you are sore
And I won't do it any more.



Volume X. Boomer, North Carolina, February, 1921. Number 12.

BREAD OR BULLETS.

Herbert Hoover, be it said to his credit, is trying his best to feed the starving millions of Europe. About last October he made a strong appeal to the American people for $23,000,000 which he said was urgently needed to care for even the children who were starving.

The Literary Digest took up the cry and started a big campaign to help Hoover get the $23,000,000. The whole country has been organized and assessed and each section is raising its "quota" in a good deal the same manner as the big war loans were raised. The Digest now announces that $10,000,000 has been collected, and the prospects look good to get all that Mr. Hoover thinks he can use in his Joseph business.

That is all good commendable

can just be handed out with one flip of the finger, and nobody stops to think anything about it.

I can't afford to cuss, but I do wish there was some good Christian way of saying 'Damn such business!'"

THE CRIME WAVE.

Holy cat-fish!
Misery and meat-skins!
And seventy sorts of sin!

Just listen what an awful fuss they are making about the "wave of crime" that is said to be sweeping over this sin-soaked section of Satan's kingdom!

There seems to be a general "scare" over the increase of crime, especially in the cities. All the papers are full of murders, robberies, and various outrages, and it is said that human life is less secure in America right now than at any time in

tire population of the country so far as the government's lying war-propaganda could influence it. We were fed exclusively on a diet of hate. We were taught that killing people and wrecking homes was the one and only job worth doing, and if we didn't join in the fun we were sent to jail and kept there.

No, I am not charging that the returned soldiers are responsible for the present crime-wave. Most of them got their bellyful of it and are willing enough to be quiet. But among so many millions there must have been a large number of the crimnally inclined, and the war-training only made them expert criminals. Then the war psychology—the bloody atomsphere that we lived in so long—made millions of other criminals.

On top of all that came the

"RELEASE UNTO US BARABBAS."

When Jesus the agitator—the Debs of Jerusalem—was brought before Governor Pilate, charged with sedition, inciting to riot, blasphemy, and so forth, there was a great scene. You remember how it went. From the scripture accounts of the trial it seems that Governor Pilate must have been a pretty honest, well-meaning sort of a blockhead, but he had a yarn ravelling in the place of a backbone. Every time I read the 23rd chapter of Luke I feel like I would love to go fishing if I just had Pilate for bait. He would have made a jim-dandy worm for a fishhook.

Really, it was no trial at all. It was just a mob of the Jewish "Patriots" and "good citizens" same manner as the big war loans were raised. The Digest now announces that $10,000,000 has been collected, and the prospects look good to get all that Mr. Hoover thinks he can use in his Joseph business.

That is all good commendable work. There is no doubt about the need of it, and I am mighty glad to see it going on.

But here is what gets my goat! You will notice that Hoover just asked for twenty-three million. The whole population of America has just been tearing its shirt and hasn't got half the amount yet. But in the same issue of the Literary Digest, on the first page, is an article headed, "Battleships and Bankruptcy," in which it is stated that the United States is now building or fixing to build SIX great battle-cruisers, each of which will cost twenty-three million dollars, or one hundred and thirty-eight million in all. Please notice carefully that the cost of ONE of these war-monsters is just equal to what Hoover wants to feed starving Europe And we are going to build SIX of those things. And that is only a small part of our naval appropriation for this year. The whole thing will be about seven hundred million dollars.

All these millions for war are appropriated by Congress without a word said—without asking anybody's advice or consent. Fixing things to kill people is so much more important than fixing a way to keep people alive, don't you see? Everybody has to be called in to help raise a little mite for the starving, but when it is wanted for battleships seven hundred million dollars

There seems to be a general "scare" over the increase of crime, especially in the cities. All the papers are full of murders, robberies, and various outrages, and it is said that human life is less secure in America right now than at any time in our history.

Well, what of it? Isn't that just exactly what we have been fixing for and leading up to by our blood-thirsty "patriotism" and our high-handed official persecution of peaceable folks? Didn't our government conscript four million men and send them off—against their wills—and train them in the fine art of murder? Didn't it put guns in their hands and compel them to kill people against whom they had not the slightest ill-feeling? Didn't it teach them to revel in butchery and bloodshed, to become calloused and hardened against the awful sights they had to witness? Of course they had to harden their hearts and make themselves as brutal as possible, else they could not have endured it at all.

And didn't our war-mad government take up peaceable men and women and put them in prison for the "crime" of being peaceable and lovers of peace? And isn't it keeping those people in prison yet, in defiance of every true principle of humanity?

And now if the tree of brutality, so carefully planted and tended by our government, is beginning to bear its natural fruit in the private life of the nation who is to blame?

You must remember that it was not just the four million soldiers alone who were hardened and brutalized—it was the en-

clined, and the war-training only made them expert criminals. Then the war psychology—the bloody atomsphere that we lived in so long—made millions of other criminals.

On top of all that came the awful disappointment and disillusionment of the people. The war was fought to "make the world safe for democracy." But we woke up to find that democracy was the deadest thing of all, and that autocracy and bull-headed brute force were still in the saddle. We saw that the peace conference was not a peace conference at all, but merely a knock-down-and-drag-out contest over the spoils. We saw that instead of giving us disarmament and peace it was going to breed bigger armament and bigger wars.

That discovery took the heart out of everything, and destroyed what little was left of the world's moral conscience. People have just come to the conclusion that everything is lost anyhow, and they don't care much what they do.

Now do you know?

The man who thinks it would be a disgrace for him to wear overalls is probably right—it would be a disgrace to the overalls to have such a sorry thing in them.

I don't know that anybody has made an official investigation to find out, but I just suppose the bad name a bed-bug has is due to his smell. Any fool knows that if a chinch smelt like violets every family would raise 'em for the market.

to go fishing if I just had Pilate for bait. He would have made a jim-dandy worm for a fish-hook.

Really, it was no trial at all. It was just a mob of the Jewish "Patriots" and "good citizens" demanding the life of Jesus and getting it. After Pilate had kept Jesus on the witness stand for a right smart while, he seemed to be convinced that Jesus was a good man who had not committed any crime, and he wanted to turn him loose. It was right at the time of the Passover feast, and there was a rule that one prisoner should be given his freedom on that occasion. So Pilate made up his mind that Jesus was certainly the one who ought to be released. But they had another prisoner by the name of Barabbas who was in for sedition and murder. The mob of Jewish patriots and good citizens decided they wanted Barabbas turned loose instead of Jesus. Pilate argued with them awhile in his weak way, pointing out that Jesus had done nothing to deserve punishment, and begging that they allow him to release Jesus. But at that the mob began to cut bigger shines than ever, stomping and yelling:

"Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas."

I guess an old hen with three biddies could have scared Pilate to death, and so he was good and scared about then. It's plum certain that he wanted to release Jesus, but he didn't have nerve enough to withstand the will of the mob. So he said, "Well, if nothing else will do, just have it your own way, but I

(Continued on page two.)

The Fool-Killer

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A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about twenty poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. Every reader of The Fool-Killer

"Release Unto Us Barabbas."

(Continued from page one.)

am not going to be held responsible for taking the life of this just man. I wash my hands of the whole business. If you crucify him the guilt will be on yourselves and not on me."

And with that Pilate reluctantly turned Jesus over to the angry mob to be crucified, and Barabbas the murderer was set free.

Here in these Benighted States we have a famous prisoner who has been likened unto Jesus more frequently than any other man ever was. He was put in prison for the same crimes that Jesus was charged with—sedition, inciting to riot, etc. The blood-thirsty "patriots" of America thought this kind-hearted and peaceable old man was dangerous because he didn't believe in killing people. Strange idea, wasn't it? Usually we are afraid of people because they WANT to kill, but this time we were afraid of a man whose only crime was that he didn't want to harm anybody.

This kind-hearted and peaceable old man, Eugéne V. Debs, who happens to be one of the world's greatest orators and thinkers, has now been in prison nearly two years. And during the recent holidays a thing happened that could not have happened even in Jerusalem under Pilate. The thing that happened was this: Millions of people had signed petitions begging for the release of Debs on Christmas day. Many of America's foremost literary men and women had pointed out the cruel injus-

And this incident makes the resemblance between Jesus and Debs still more remarkable. I wonder if the "patriots" of America will yet have the nerve to erect a cross in the back yard of the Atlanta Federal prison and crucify Debs?

AND THIS IS FEBRUARY.

February is just as full of weather as a dog is of fleas. It occurs every day, and sometimes at night. If you think of starting out on a journey this month, you had better take raincoat, sweater, umbrella, ulster, Palm Beach suit, red flannel underwear, and bathing suit—and then stay at home.

If you failed to get all your New Year resolution broken in January, then February is the time to finish them. Some people find it a rather big job to get them all thoroughly broken in one month, and so I gladly extend the time.

February snows always come in February. I never knew it to fail. I predict that February will be cold this year in the far North, and my opinion is that it will be warm down about the Equator.

A good way to tell what the weather is going to be is to wait and see.

A SERMON ON "JAZZ."

"Jazz" is a new word that has lately come into the language. Nobody has ever told me exactly what it means, but my own personal home-made opinion is that it means "crazy"—in other words, batty, bug-house, loony. It is a breaking away from all

may be a basket of peaches. You never can tell.

When you read a poem written by such poets as Tennyson and myself, to say nothing of Longfellow and Riley, you don't need any interpreter to stand over you and explain what you are reading. The meaning is clear, and the rhyme and meter perfect, leading you on from line to line with all the ease and satisfaction of hot buttered pancakes going down the throat of a hungry tramp. But when you take up some of our modern jazz poetry—the kind that is now being perpetrated by Amy Lowell and Vachel Lindsay—you can't tell whether the writer is cussing the government in Chaldean or praying to a wooden god in Chinese. You can't tell whether to begin at the bottom and read up, or at the northeast corner and read slonchways across. One way gives just as good sense as another. Tell ye what—if I had to write jazz poetry I wouldn't go through all the agony of studying it out one spoonful at a time. I would simply lay a dictionary on a stump and chop it up fine with a meat-ax. Then I would spread it out on a plank and invite the public to read it That would be a whole lot less trouble, and the result would be just as good.

And as for music, I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says. I enjoy having my soul irrigated with the soothing melody of the old-fashioned music that our sweethearts used to play on the guitar at sundown, while we sat on the edge of the porch and leaned our heads back against the honeysuckle vines and didn't care if corn was a bushel.

Fool-Killer. The book contains about twenty poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. Every reader of The Fool-Killer ought to have a copy of this little book. It is beautifully printed and tastefully bound, with portrait of author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both books together for 25 cents. Order today—right now! Address

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

The Fool-Killer is published for thinking people, and therefore those who cannot or will not think will not enjoy reading it.

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ed was this: Millions of people had signed petitions begging for the release of Debs on Christmas day. Many of America's foremost literary men and women had pointed out the cruel injustice of the government's action in keeping Debs behind the bars any longer. Even the Attorney General who caused the arrest and imprisonment, and whom we had regarded as thoroughly heartless—even Palmer repented of his act and begged Wilson to release Debs on Christmas day.

But what did Woodrow Wilson do? Snarling like a bull-dog and boiling with his vicious hate, he openly insulted the American people by refusing their request for the release of Debs, and then turned right around and released TWO MURDERERS. Two Barabbases instead of one!

The difference between Woodrow Wilson and Governor Pilate is this: Pilate WANTED to do right, but was too weak. The mob forced the crucifixion of Jesus. The mob forced the release of Barabbas. But in this modern instance it was right the other way. The people were begging for the release of Debs, and they had not asked for the release of one murderer, much less two of them. Wilson had every opportunity to do a good deed, but was too mean. Just for pure contrariness he kept a good man in jail and "released unto us TWO BARABBASES."

I will always have a better opinion of Pilate after this. With all of his littleness, with all of his weakness, he stands out big and fine and noble in comparison to Woodrow Wilson.

Nobody has ever told me exactly what it means, but my own personal home-made opinion is that it means "crazy"—in other words, batty, bug-house, loony. It is a breaking away from all the rules and regulations for doing things, and just going it blind and reckless, like the Kaiser trying to swallow the world whole with the peeling on, and nothing but blood to wash it down with.

We got "jazz" several years before we got the name for it. We might say that it started with jazz art, only they called it "cubist" or "futurist" art. That was several years ago. Then came jazz poetry, only they called it "vers libre" or "free verse." And now for the past two or three years we have had jazz music, which is just about the rottenest sort of jazz that ever jarred on the nerves of the human race.

It was the jazz music that really let the cat out of the bag, as Postle Paul says. It was a dead give-away on the rest of the jazz truck, and we were able to lump it all together and call it by its own proper name.

When you see an ordinary picture you can generally have a pretty good idea of what it aims to represent. But when you see a jazz picture you can't go by the old rule. The thing that it looks most like is the very thing it ain't. For instance, if it looks like a section of stake fence standing on its hind legs and fighting a thunder-cloud, it may be two happy lovers swinging in a hammock and kissing by moonlight. Or if it looks like Wall Street blown up with a bomb, it

sweethearts used to play on the guitar at sundown, while we sat on the edge of the porch and leaned our heads back against the honeysuckle vines and didn't care if corn was a bushel. But there is only one thing that will cure my dislike of modern jazz music, and that is the absent treatment. One piece of jazz music sounds just exactly like all the rest, if not more so. And if I had to compare it to anything in the world I would say it reminds me of a three-cornered cat fight lost in a whirlwind.

Every man should have a hobby to ride, but he shouldn't let it get saddle-sores.

Music in a quarreling home is like putting talcum powder on a dead buzzard.

If your thinker is so rusty that it screaks every time you try to make up your mind, you better grease it with Fool-Killer oil.

God invented the eagle a long time before man invented the flying machine. Yes, honey, God seems to be a few laps ahead yet.

Lifting yourself by your own boot-straps is a pretty hard job, but it is said to be easy compared to being lifted by another man's boot.

The standard of intellect among public men is being elevated. Some of our officials are now believed to be nearly as intelligent as a cow.

HOW DO "AGES" END?

Some of us dangerous heretics have been saying since 1914 that the Gentile Age has ended. But the good old sleepy orthodox folks, who do not realize that anything ever changes—they cannot understand what we mean by the end of the age. They take for granted that things have always been just like they are now, and that they will never be any different. Oh, they admit in a general way that what they call the "end of time" will come SOMETIME, but they console themselves with the belief that the "end of time" is several million years off yet, so they are not bothering about it.

And as to talking about the Gentile Age or the Gospel Age having already ended—why, they just laugh at the idea. They insist that the Gentiles are still ruling the world, and that everything is going on just like it was

But they are mistaken.

Since 1914 the Gentile nations have not been ruling the world—they have only been TRYING, and all of their trying has turned out to be a failure. Any person who keeps up with current events is bound to admit that the world is in a much worse condition right now than it was any time during the war. Just last week the Literary Digest quoted some of the world's leading statesmen as saying that civilization is on the brink of collapse. The most hopeful of them can only say MAYBE there is some way of escape, but they do not see it.

And so I want to do my part in making known the fact that the Gentile Age HAS ENDED, and if the reader thinks that the

they thought they could somehow "muddle through" and come out on top just like they had been. So it must have been quite awhile before the Jews were willing to admit that they had been side-tracked and that the Gentile Age had begun.

The point I am trying to make is that none of the "Age" changes were generally recognized at the time they occurred. The people could look back and see that a change HAD BEEN, but they could not see it while it was going on.

Then why should we be surprised that the general public of our own time is unable to see the change that has come?

IDIOTORIALS.

Faith is the button that holds up Hope's breeches.

How much is several times nothing?

Seed catalogues do not make a garden.

Some folks are no better than the rest of us.

It is too early yet to shake your potato tree and dig your apples.

When you get to the place where you can't move, you had better stop.

When a rascal does the worst he can, it is agin the law to do any wusser.

If reason was a disease, the orthodox preachers would never catch it.

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The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now nearly ten years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting

lapse. The most hopeful of them can only say MAYBE there is some way of escape, but they do not see it.

And so I want to do my part in making known the fact that the Gentile Age HAS ENDED, and if the reader thinks that the conditions are not such as he expected at the end of the age, I want to call his attention to the end of OTHER ages and show that the people of those times did not realize what was happening.

I am quite sure you have heard the term, "Patriarchal Age" used all your life. The very fact that we use the term indicates that there was such an age, and the fact that we are not living in it now proves that it has ended. Well, if it ever exiseted, and if it ever ended, there was a definite TIME when the end came. But do you suppose the people who were living at the end of the Patriarchal Age KNEW that their age was ending?

No, they did not.

We understand now that it ended with the death of Jacob, but the people living then did not know it and could not have been made to believe it.

After the death of Jacob his descendants were known as the Children of Israel, or the Hebrew people. So right there started the Jewish Age. Well, the Jewish Age ran on for a good while, and finally it ended with the capture of Zedekiah.

But did the Jewish people know that their Age was ending?

No, they did not.

They knew that they were having wars and troubles, but

When a rascal does the worst he can, it is agin the law to do any wusser.

If reason was a disease, the orthodox preachers would never catch it.

The latest news from Europe is that all the folks who are not dead are still alive.

I am pretty sure God is not a Democrat, else he would have taken better care of his party.

If it was wrong to do right there would be an awful rush for tickets to heaven.

When persuasion fails to move a man, put a flea on him. I'll bet that will move him.

If there wasn't something else for suckers to bite at they would go mad and bite themselves.

Life used to be just one thing after another, but now it is several things at once.

When starvation is the fashion, the rich don't object to being sorter out of style.

It isn't cussing to say "doggone," especially if your dog is really gone.

My old school-mates, George Washington and Abe Lincoln will both have a birthday this month if it don't rain.

If heaven depends on hell for its existence, as some of the preachers claim, then what does hell depend on? Shucks, they must think God is crazy.

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From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

MR. MORRELL.

The following letter is from a mighty good man whom I seem to have unintentionally neglected. He has been one of my best club-raisers for a long time, and on two or three different occasions he has written me long personal letters containing questions that he wanted answered. I always INTENDED to try to answer them, but the rush of work prevented. If he had been the only one on the waiting list I might have attended to him better, but there were hundreds more always waiting, and I never seemed able to get around. So Mr. Morrell is not the only one who has reason to think that I am a very poor correspondent.

But if I NEVER get to all the others who are waiting, I am going to take time right here to give my friend Morrell a hearing. I am not sure that I could properly answer his questions, and so I shall not try. Maybe somebody among the thousands who read The Fool-Killer would like to help him out. It seems that Mr. Morrell is a believer in Holiness, and wants to know what I think about it. Honestly. I do not know what I think about it. It is a question that I have never got fully settled in my own mind. The New Testament certainly seems to teach Holiness. Christ lived a holy and sinless life, and he was supposed to be a model for his followers to live by. Then it seems that it OUGHT to be possible for Christians to live holy lives, but I have my serious doubts whether any of them do it or not. I know mighty well that I don't. And yet I would not like to say positively that it COULDN'T be

ly here in this world? And look what it says in Romans 12:1-2. and the definition of grace is excellence of character; and it says that if we are justified by faith we are under grace —excellence of character.

Some tell us that they are right, but that we cannot get right—that only 144,000 will be allowed in the elect class, no matter if we should do His will. But they seem to ignore what it says about "whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely."And that God finds no pleasure in the death of any, but that He would have all to turn and live. They fix that by telling us that God will let us live here on earth always. But it says that Christ is not divided against Himself, and that we shall reign with Him, and some that claimed to be Christ's seem to think they are in a little crowd all by themselves.

Now, old man, if knocking is your game, that's the game I play, too, but not fighting with my fist or any literal thing. I am the same kind of knocker that you are—the only thing we differ in is the rough language you use. If you would fill all your columns with sermons and letters like this, look how much better and more interesting it would be, and leave the foolishness and friendship of the world, for money is the root of all evil. But put on the armour of God. If you will do this there will be one more in your little crowd at least, and winning souls to Christ would be the object.

You indicated in the letter that you returned to me that some Holiness paper might be glad to publish it. Huh! They are farther from talking with me than you are. They make a lot of noise, but their hearts are far from me.

Here is the question: What will you charge to publish this? Let me know. Enclosed are four more new subs and $1.00.

Ann's ankle bone in each issue. Listen! I am not running this paper to please anybody but myself. I am going to print what Pearson thinks, and if other people want something different printed they will have to do like I did—start them a paper of their own.

THE LIE TRUST.

If you want to know all about the Lie Trust, and what sort of shameless prostitutes the big daily newspapers are, you certainly ought to read a book called "The Brass Check," written by Upton Sinclair. I have seen a heap of "skinning," and have done a right smart of it myself, but in all my born days I never saw anything to equal "The Brass Check."

Mr. Sinclair explains that the name of the book has reference to some sort of a "brass check" used in houses of prostitution. I don't know anything about that —maybe some of you do. Anyhow, it is a brand of prostitution, and Sinclair certainly burns it into the hides of the plute papers so deep that the scar will never disappear.

A novel? Not by a jug-ful. If there ever was a plain-straight-from-the-shoulder statement of terrible facts, right here we have it. He tells his own personal experience with the newspapers—how they have systematically lied about him and tried to ruin him for twenty-five years—also hundreds of other cases of which he has had personal knowledge. He gives names, places and dates in connection with every statement he makes. If the charges were not true, every page would start a libel suit. But in spite of

be a Radical, a Red, a Bolshevist, or something worse, and he will have a thousand lies invented to ruin his character—lies that could not originate anywhere except in a "kept" newspaper office.

There is really a Lie Trust, and it is well understood among all the members of the Lie Trust that certain matters are to be handled favorably and certain others unfavorably, and that without any regard to the facts in the case.

Oh, shucks, there is no use for me to try to tell you everything in the book—the only way for you to find out is to read it. And if you don't send for a copy and read it right away you will miss a treat. Upton Sinclair, the author, is acting as his own publisher, and he is selling "The Brass Check" faster than he can get it made. The price in cloth binding is $1.20, and paper binding 60c. Send your order to Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California.

ANOTHER DEBATE.

Herry Tick.—And so you think man is composed of two parts, soul and body?

Ortho Dox.—Yes.

H. T.—Which is the real man, the soul or the body?

O. D.—The soul is the real man. The body is only the house that the man lives in.

H. T.—Was Jesus Christ composed of two parts, soul and body?

O. D.—Yes, certainly.

H. T.—Which was the real Christ?

O. D.—The soul, of course.

H. T.—When Christ was cru-

OUGHT to be possible for Christians to live holy lives, but I have my serious doubts whether any of them do it or not. I know mighty well that I don't. And yet I would not like to say positively that it COULDN'T be done.

Without further comment, I now present Mr. Henry T. Morrell, of Ebro, Florida:

Ebro, Florida, Jan. 8th, 1921.

Mr. James L. Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

Kind Sir:

I will try you once more, as I have a few questions to ask, and you seem to be able to answer others. First, I will try to explain myself: I believe and know that the Scripture is the inspired Word of God, and when rightly understood is non-contradictory. What I first wrote you about was concerning the Baptism—the "born again" condition—and I wrote the Bible Students (that is, the Watch-Tower folks), and also the head managers of the so-called Latter Day Saints, which I found to be Latter Day Catholics, like the Catholic Baptists, Catholic Methodists, and Catholic every other creeded branch that has a name under heaven. And they all tried to deny the Scripture. But you—I never have been able to get you to say anything to me yet. Now for a question: Why will you not reply to me? If I am a fool it is your job to knock me straight. The Catholic Methodists and the Latter Day Catholics, etc., all deny the power of God by saying that it is impossible to live righteous here in this world. Still they claim to be saints and followers of Christ. What is the New Testament teaching, if it is impossible to live righteously here in this world? Does not the 6th chapter of Romans plainly tell us how to live righteous-

with me than you are. They make a lot of noise, but their hearts are far from me.

Here is the question: What will you charge to publish this? Let me know. Enclosed are four more new subs and $1.00.

Respectfully,
HENRY T. MORRELL, P. M.

Now, folks, what do you think of that? It sorter stumps me. This man is a good man and perfectly sincere, and seems to want information, but he strikes me as being the kind of man who would not take information if offered—unless it fitted in with his preconceived notions. All his efforts to draw me out on these questions is only trying to make ME agree with HIM. See? He seems to have read the literature that gives the information he claims to want—especially on the matter of the Elect Class—but he refuses to believe it. His own theory suits him better. Well, if it does, why isn't he satisfied with it? And he objects to the kind of language I use. Well, that is just his personal opinion about it. All my thousands of readers do not see it like he does, and I can't afford to displease several thousand just in order to please one. He thinks I ought to fill all my columns with stuff like he writes. Again, that is just his opinion; others would see it different. A good Republican would advise me to print nothing but Republican dope. A good Democrat would want all to be Democratic slush; while a good Catholic would want me to praise up the pope and print a few pictures of Saint

hundreds of other cases of which he has had personal knowledge. He gives names, places and dates in connection with every statement he makes. If the charges were not true, every page would start a libel suit. But in spite of the merciless blistering which he gives the prostitute purveyors of plutocratic prejudice, no libel suit has been started. And there will not be any the next time you hear about it, either.

There is no room here to cite special cases, but I want to say that the book is simply packed with proof that there is no such a thing as "free press" in America—unless it is the small country press, and even the local weeklies are not all angels by any means.

Any public man who will let it be known that he stands for the "existing order," with all of its graft and corruption, with all of its wealth and poverty, with all of its "patriotism" and plunder—that man will have a picnic of a time with the daily papers. He will get MORE than justice at their hands. He may be the meanest scoundrel in forty states, with a "mistress" in every one of the forty, but if he is rich and stands by the System, there will never be a word said in the papers about his meanness. On the other hand, they will pat him on the back and he will be "Honorable" So-and-So till you can't rest.

But any man who tries to buck up against the powerful System—who tries to be honest with himself and refuses to be put to sleep by the plute propaganda—believe me, that man will catch hell forty times a day. He will

posed of two parts, soul and body?

O. D.—Yes, certainly.

H. T.—Which was the real Christ?

O. D.—The soul, of course.

H. T.—When Christ was crusified, did his soul die?

O. D.—No, it did not. How do you think an immortal soul could die?

H. T.—Then it must be all a mistake about Christ dying for sinners.

O. D.—Oh, no, his body died for sinners.

H. T.—What kind of sinners?

O. D.—Why, just sinners, I guess—any kind.

H. T.—But you divide men into two parts. I want to know which part of man it was that Christ's body died for?

O. D.—For their bodies, I reckon.

H. T.—But you argue that man's body is not the real man, and that Christ's body was not the real Christ. It seems, then, that the house Jesus lived in died to save the house that man lives in, but Jesus himself did not die, and man himself is not saved. What are you going to do about that?

O. D.—You old mean thing! You are getting me all tangled up. Boo-hoo!

Looking for your resolution? Shucks, I saw you drop it away back yonder, and the left hind foot of January stepped on it.

There is too much food in the world, therefore the poor must go hungry; there is too much clothing in the world, therefore the poor must wear rags. Great system we've got!

THE FOOL-KILLER

THE FOOL-KILLER ©
THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
SOCIETY FOOL
OUCH
THE TRUTH
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER, POLICE!

Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, March, 1921. Number 1.

Hard-ing Times

Well, Mister, I reckon I'd better begin
And spin you the best that I'm able to spin,
From the musical guts of my poetry mill,
About the big doin's on Capitol Hill.

The time has arriv, in the course of events,
For the big-bellied breed of political gents
To come, with their bellies like soap-grease tubs,
And turn out the Crats and put in the Pubs.

When they all get there on Inaugural Day,
The Republican gang will be feeling so gay
That they won't even look at the Democrat crowd
As they stand around with their heads all bowed.

They're going to unhitch the old wind-broken mule
"That never did nothing but act like a

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Plenty work to do.

Plenty of men to do it.

Plenty of machinery standing ready.

Plenty of raw material.

Plenty of people needing the finished product.

Plenty of money to pay for it with.

And yet everything is as dead as the dickens.

Millions of men are out of work.

Thousands of shops are closed.

People are suffering for the necessities of life.

Can you locate the trouble?

If you can't, I can.

Here it is:

The international tangle of Big Business got the affairs of the world in such shape that the Big Ikes couldn't make quite as much profit as they had been

A TIP FOR THE ALLIES

Hooray!

Whoop-to-Glory!

Here is the Big Idea!

I have all the while been sorter partial to the Bolsheviks, but here is where I am going to give them away. I am going to tell the Allied Statesmen an absolutely sure way to put the eternal booger-hooks on Lenine and Trotsky, and then if they don't make use of the plan it won't be my fault, and they needn't come snivelling around me any more with their pitiful whine about the kussed Bolsheviks.

Now prop your old floppy ears open and listen good:

You know how bad the Allies want the Bolsheviks whipped. You know they have "recognized" four or five different Russian generals that were trying to lead little rag-tag rebellions

If Abe Could Know

Today if Lincoln's spirit were here as the united nation celebrates his birthday, it must be that he would find his greatest joy in seeing how all the States, both North and South, are joined in a singleness of devotion and effort in raising thirty-three million dollars for the ministry of love to three and a half million little children whose appeal of suffering has found such a hearty response in every part of America.—Literary Digest

That all sounds very bong-swong, as Postle Paul says, but suppose Lincoln's spirit should happen to read the February Fool-Killer and learn that while the whole nation is just tearing its biled shirt trying to raise a few millions for the starving children, the Congress of the United States was appropriating over A BILLION DOLLARS to

When they all get there on Inaugural Day,
The Republican gang will be feeling so gay
That they won't even look at the Democrat crowd
As they stand around with their heads all bowed.

They're going to unhitch the old wind-broken mule
That never did nothing but act like a fool,
And hitch in a steer that the bosses have broke
To faithfully pull in Big Business's yoke.

The Democrat mule will be turned out to graze
On political stubble the rest of his days,
And the Pubs and the devil will go in cahoots,
And the world will still be safe for the Plutes.

We have had Hard Times for a right smart while,
But it's Hard-ing Times that are now in style,,
And it won't be long till the "i-n-g"
Will mean "e-r" for you and me.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

February Issue Pleased 'Em.

The February issue of The Fool-Killer was a bigger "hit" with the readers than anything I have sent out lately. You just ought to see the letters I've been getting about it. The demand has been so great that all the extra copies are gone, and the subs have been simply POURING in. This (March) issue is not quite up to my standard, but I've got some more everlasting hot truck on the hook for April.

People are suffering for the necessities of life.

Can you locate the trouble?

If you can't, I can.

Here it is:

The international tangle of Big Business got the affairs of the world in such shape that the Big Ikes couldn't make quite as much profit as they had been making, and so they decided to knock off for awhile.

Profit is the only thing to be considered.

Profit for the Plute.

The needs of the world no not count.

The idleness, nakedness, hunger and suffering do not count.

All these things must take a back seat and let the Big Ike's profit be considered first.

What we need in this world is a system of government that will think first of the happiness and comfort of the people. Then we would never be troubled with such conditions as this. But we are such tarnation fools that we never seem to learn anything.

This is shore-to-goodness a crazy world any way you look at it. For instance, it gives one man $40,000 for a Nobel Peace Prize, and then turns right around and gives another man $100,000 for a prize fight. Again, it gives $33,000,000 to feed the starving children of Europe, and at the same time gives fifty times that much to build battleships and other war contrapshuns to produce more suffering and starvation. Every so-called "statesman" on earth ought to be in the criminal insane ward of the bug house, anyhow.

whine about the kussed Bolsheviks.

Now prop your old floppy ears open and listen good:

You know how bad the Allies want the Bolsheviks whipped. You know they have "recognized" four or five different Russian generals that were trying to lead little rag-tag rebellions against Lenine. I can't remember all their names just now, but the last one was General Wrangel. And it wasn't three weeks after these different upstarts got their Allied "recognition" pinned on good till they were down and out. One followed another into the discard just like throwing dead cats into a mill-pond. Then came Wrangel, and he was going to be the Moses certain. But he went the same way and wasn't long about it.

It seems, therefore, that Allied "recognition" of any Russian leader is as fatal as hanging. And it does seem strange to me that they have never thought about trying it on the Bolsheviks.

Thar now!

The secret is out!

Every day for more than three years now we have read in the daily papers that the Bolshevik government in Russia was "tottering" and "crumbling," and that it couldn't hold out much longer. But the funny part about it is the Bolshevik government is still standing and is today the strongest and most solvent government in Europe. Evidently it is going to take more than newspaper lies to overthrow the Bolsheviks.

swong, as Postle Paul says, but suppose Lincoln's spirit should happen to read the February Fool-Killer and learn that while the whole nation is just tearing its biled shirt trying to raise a few millions for the starving children, the Congress of the United States was appropriating over A BILLION DOLLARS to build battleships and equip armies to kill more fathers and leave more starving orphans? What do you suppose Lincoln would think about that?

Honest, gentlemen, it is a fine thing that Lincoln's "spirit" cannot know what is going on in this country now. If it could, there would be some of the tallest spiritual cussing that you ever heard tell of.

The much talked of "union of the churches" seems to make rather slow progress. Sorter like mixing a hundred and fifty different kinds of dirt to test out a new patent soap.

The Supreme Court says the sentence against Berger was wrong and unjust. Now why don't it open its judicial mouth and say some thing like that about the Debs case?

And now the goody-goods are getting up another scare about the stage and the movies poking fun at the preachers. Well, that's about all some of them are fit for. If the preachers want to stand high in the estimation of the people they will have to cut out some of their devilized theology. The people are not all fools yet.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
Ralph Swanson - - - - Publisher
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Sambo's Uncle Adam

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 3.—That the negro did not get his color from Ham, and that he is not even a member of the race of Adam, but a descendant of one of the four or five brothers Adam must have had, is the belief of the Rev. Dr. Edwin H. Richards, for 30 years a missionary in Africa.

"The negro never came from Ham. You can't get a black man from a white one, either by time or conditions," said Dr. Richards.

"The black man is co-Adamic with Adam. Adam probably had about

Idiotorials

Hurrah for the Supreme Court! It shore did fix Jedge Landis's clock all right.

Well, Berger was too big for Kenesaw Mountain, anyhow. Baseball is nearer his size.

Some fool has proposed to "Christianize the theatre." Huh! Better Christianize the churches first.

An actress says she can't live on $50,000 a year. I know just how she feels—I can't either.

The main difficulty about being a successful fool is that most of us try to be too many kinds of a fool at once.

When a man reaches the point where he thinks that nothing matters, right there is where it begins to mortify.

When you feel that you've just got to say something or bust, it may be a sign that busting is what you need.

Lord Bryce says the world is on the brink of an abyss. Brink nothin'! Looks to me like we are on the bottom.

They are getting so hard up for new movie plays that they will soon be putting the 'rithmetic on the screen.

The world's motto at present seems to be: "Talk disarmament, but keep your finger on the trigger."

HOME-MADE POETRY

by
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
BOOMER, N.C.

PROTEST.

It seems to me that I would give
A right smart fortune just to live
Some place (if such a place could be)
Where business would not bother me.

I'm sick and tired of terms of trade,
Of money that is lost and made;
Of purses lean and purses fat;
Of buying this and selling that.

Why must the very soul of life.
Be strangled in commercial strife,
And all that living represents
Be named in dollars and in cents?

Are we just here as pawns of trade
To see what fortunes can be made
By moving us like checker-men,
Across the world and back again?

Shal bank accounts and merchandise
Forever loom up in our eyes,
And be esteemed of greater worth
Than all the people of the earth?

Why can't we get our bearings
straight,
And learn to plan and calculate
In terms of happiness for all
Who live upon this earthly ball?

Oh, give us rest from mill and mart,
And time to cultivate the heart;
For all that conscious being means
Is more than money and machines.

A SUBSTITUTE.

The people of inventive mind,
And those with penetration keen,

REMEMBER OLD DAN

Lexington, N. C.—The old log cabin in which the Daniel Boone Memorial Association ordered built on the traditional site of the cabin of the Boone family in Boone township, this county, has been completed. It is as nearly as possible an exact reproduction of the original.—News Item.

And that, beloved, is what comes of being famous. Poor old Dan! In the good old days when he used to roam the forest with his flint-lock Winchester, picking elephants and other small game from the topmost branches, I remember that he was not very sociable. Dan wanted the whole country to himself, and when he got a phone message one day that another family was moving into the county, he shouldered his gun, called his dog, and emigrated. No crowded cities for Dan. He wanted elbow room.

Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina. At present he has about fifty-seven birthplaces in each of the three states. As time goes on the number will be increased. I hope to see the day when every town and village can claim the birthplace of Boone. Nothing adds to the interest of a community like having several of Boone's birthplaces located around it. If there is any community which has not yet acquired one of these birthplaces and desires to do so it should make application at once.

Any neighborhood that does not feel financially able to afford a birthplace of Boone can at least be the happy possessor of a Boone cabin. This is a matter which should not be neglectards, for 30 years a missionary in Africa.

"The negro never came from Ham. You can't get a black man from a white one, either by time or conditions," said Dr. Richards.

"The black man is co-Adamic with Adam. Adam probably had about four or five brothers the Bible does not mention, and it was from one of these brothers that the negro must have descended." Associated Press.

Great whoop to glory!

That fixes it!

The muchly-mooted mystery in regard to Sambo's paternal pappy has been cleared at last. The last shadow of doubt has vanished, and the world's hunger for knowledge has been satisfied once more.

Dr. Richards fails to mention the names of Adam's brothers, but I think one of them must have been Sam. Perhapps the others were Tom and Bob and Ben. Evidently the Bible made a bad blunder in not making mention of Adam's brothers. Moses must have known that the race question would come up, and that we would want to know all the facts.

Dr. Richards does not explain the matter of color to my satisfaction, either, but I am led to suppose that when the Creator went down into the river bottom to get mud to make the boys out of He must have got one spade-full of black mud and made Sam out of that.

F. A. Reaves, RFD,9, Box 200, Charlotte, N. C.—While visiting out in the country a few days ago I ran across one of your papers and like it very much. I am enclosing a list of nine subscribers (including myself) with remittance of $2.25 to pay for them.

tic on the screen.

The world's motto at present seems to be: "Talk disarmament, but keep your finger on the trigger."

Thinking wise thoughts all the time would run a man crazy. We must act the fool a little in order to keep sane.

All this fine, flowery talk about disarmament would sound a little better if somebody would begin to disarm.

I see that Lloyd George says the world is quieting down. Wonder if the have got any ear doctors in England? If they have Lloyd George had better consult one.

A man in New York built an "absolutely fireproof building"—and then insured it! Very good idea, I guess. You remember the Titanic was an "absolutely unsinkable ship"—but it sank.

The other nations want us to disarm so that they can; and we want them to disarm so that we can. Why not appoint somebody to drop a hat and all disarm at once? I'll agree to drop the hat.

People who have to wear shrouds and masks and go sneaking around in the dark are not out for any good. If you are guilty of such business then maybe I am talking to you.

The only way that my thinking can help you is by teaching you to think for yourself. Did you ever think any?

And time to cultivate the heart;
For all that conscious being means
Is more than money and machines.

A SUBSTITUTE.

The people of inventive mind,
 And those with penetration keen,
Are trying awful hard to find
 A substitute for gasoline.

But I have found it! So be calm!
 My substitute I'm using now!
The faithful tanner makes it from
 The epidermis of a cow.

INTENTIONS.

I intended to buy me an automobile
With the money I made out of Bethlehem steel;
But the Bethlehem stock I intended to own,
I intended to buy with a government loan;
But the government loan I intended to get
Has not been approved by the government yet.
So it's now my intention to make an appeal
Asking Congress to give me an automobile.

MORTARFICATION.

In the year ninety-six—in the middle of May—
I was totin' up bricks an' a earnin' my pay,
When along come a maid 'bout the size of a hoss,
An' there in the shade was a-chinnin' the boss.

She was leanin' with grace on a piece of a slat
By the side of the place where the mortar was at,
When the slat let loose with a terrible crack,
An' she fell in the juice right flat of her back.

should make application at once.

Any neighborhood that does not feel financially able to afford a birthplace of Boone can at least be the happy possessor of a Boone cabin. This is a matter which should not be neglected, and I urge all public-spirited citizens to give it their prompt attention.

Several hundred places in North Carolina have already been identified as the exact spot where Boone used to live. At each of these places the original Boone cabin should be rebuilt and filled with rare and sacred Boone relics. If the local supply of Boone relics is not sufficient to fill the cabin, do not take the matter to heart and grieve over it. I am informed that first-class Boone relics ranging all the way from a butcher-knife to a bear's foot, can be bought in car-load lots from any of the mail-order houses.

Our friends in Davidson county have set a worthy example, and I hope every county and township will organize a Boone Memorial Association and get down to business. It is a duty we owe to posterity to mark these sacred spots while yet there are people living who have heard their grandfathers say that they were told by their great grandfathers that they had it straight from an old family tradition that Daniel Boone once sat down there to pick a briar out of his toe.

If you don't know when you get enough, just keep on till you find out. This would be good advice for the plutes to take, and the chances are they will take it.

PEARSON'S POETICAL WORKS

Listen here, folks! I've got something to tell you. I suppose most of you know that I am a sort of one-hoss poet. Yes, I have been writing verse for more than 25 years. A good deal of it has been printed in papers here and yonder, and about 12 years ago I got out one little book of my poems. I only made 500 copies of that book, and it has long been out of print. In the meantime I have been grinding out a good many new poems that have never been published in a book, and I now have quite a large collection. They are mostly short poems on a great variety of subjects. Some of them are droll and humorous, but the majority of them are seriously handled and polished with all the poetical skill I possess. Really I have put the best part of my life into these poems, and as I am now 41 years old it is getting time they were published in book form. The entire collection will make a book of about 300 pages. I have set my head to get my "Complete Poetical Works" published this year if there is any chance of it. I might waste the whole year trying to get it accepted by some of the big publishing houses and then fail, so the surest plan is to publish it myself and to sell it to you folks who read The Fool-Killer. You all know me, and you seem to like my prose stuff mighty well, and the chances are you would enjoy reading my poetical efforts.

But it is going to take a whole lot of money to buy the paper for this book, and I haven't got the money, so you folks will have to help me get it some way. In the first place, I want to find out how many of you would like to have the book. It cannot be sold for less than $1.50, and it may possibly have to be $2.00. I can tell better about that when I see how much it costs to make it. Paper is one thing that hasn't come down any, and it isn't likely to come down any time soon. I would like to print three or four thousand copies of the book if I can get advance orders enough to justify it.

"FOOL-KILLER FUN"

Another New Book.

Since I am going into the book publishing business, I might as well go into it good and strong. I can advertise and sell several books just as well as one.

So this, then, is the announcement of "Fool-Killer Fun," which I propose to publish just as soon as I get pledges enough to cover the cost.

The Fool-Killer has now been running for eleven years, and during that time I have written several hundred good humorous articles for which there has been a great demand, and many of which have a permanent value and will not get out of date. Many readers of the paper have requested that I gather up all the best of these articles from the back files of the paper and publish them in a book.

So that is what I propose to do. You who know the paper will have a pretty good idea of what the book will contain. It will be just the best of the funny things. There will be a dozen side-splitters on every page.

I don't know just how big the book will be, but it will probably contain 250 pages or more. It will be printed on good book paper and nicely bound in cloth. The price will be as low as possible.

Now how many of you are going to want "Fool-Killer Fun?" Speak up quick. Just drop me a card saying you will take one when ready. If you also want my "Complete Poems," mentioned in another column, you can send your pledge for both on the same card.

Now hurry up and send your cards so that I can begin to make my plans for getting the books printed.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now about 11 years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue may possibly have to be $2.00. I can tell better about that when I see how much it costs to make it. Paper is one thing that hasn't come down any, and it isn't likely to come down any time soon. I would like to print three or four thousand copies of the book if I can get advance orders enough to justify it.

However, I am not asking you to send any money now. I just want you to send me your PLEDGE that you will buy and pay for a copy of the book when I get ready to make it. Just write on an ordinary postal card something like this and mail it to me:

James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.,
Dear Sir:—

I hereby pledge myself to buy and pay for one copy of your "Complete Poetical Works," and will send the money whenever you notify me that you are ready for it.

Be sure to write your name and address carefully on the card, and mail it to me. Just as soon as I get enough of these pledges to insure me that the book is going to pay expenses, I will start the wheels to rolling. Send your pledge card right now, while the subject of "Pearson's Poetical Works" is fresh on your mind.

Your old chum,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

READ "WORLD TO COME."
300p. 25c

Presents an **easily understood** outline of the whole **Divine Plan.** Revelation interpreted and many Prophetic sayings explained in the light of passing events. Appreciated by every **truth-seeker.** Sent on approval if preferred, all we ask is the return of the book undamaged if found undesirable. Nothing gained by waiting. Order NOW!

HOME BIBLE STUDY CLUB,
Hudson, Ill.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

A man in Iowa got tickled and laughed until he had to send for the doctor. He had probably been reading in the New York Times that the Soviet Government is going to fall next week. That old yarn is enough to tickle anybody.

I have just been reading about a star a hundred million times bigger than the earth. I do say! And if their taxes are as much larger in proportion than ours the sheriff must have an awful time collecting. Maybe we'd better stay here.

A duck can talk with just as good sense as a goose can.

---

nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

A Sermon On "Spirit Beings"

I reckon a feller never would get all the questions answered if he could live a life-time. Here is another problem that I have got to straighten out for some of the folks. It seems that several readers are sorter tangled up on my teaching about "spirit beings." They can't seem to understand how it is that I talk about spirit beings as if I believed in them, and at the same time deny the existence of a disembodied human soul that can live and know things after the body dies. The impression seems to prevail in certain quarters that I am sorter contradicting myself.

Misunderstandings are generally caused by failing to understand, and that's the trouble in this case. People who have been brought up on the old errors need to unlearn a heap of their crooked theories before they can begin to see straight.

Now listen!

Did you ever see a piece of marble?

Yes, of course you have.

Did you ever see a piece of air?

No, you never did.

And yet you know that air does exist, even though you can't see it. You are just as certain about the existence of air as you are about the existence of marble.

Well, then, since air and marble do both really exist in the world, let's see what we can find out about them. Let's see if we can learn their different habits and customs, and what they can be used for.

Could you breathe marble?

spirit. I don't care how many big swell-headed preachers tell you that man is a mixture of the two natures—human and spirit—it just simply is not true. You just as well talk about fire being half water, or about black being half white.

The human race is simply one branch of the animal creation. All beings that have flesh are animal. Spirit beings in their true spirit condition have no flesh. They have no material substance of any kind that would be perceptible to our human senses. But they do have the power to materialize into human form whenever they have occasion to do so. This is proven by the numerous instances in which angels are said to have visited the earth in human form. Angels visited Abraham and Lot on certain occasions, you remember, and they looked just like men, and could walk, talk, eat, and do anything else that men could do. But whenever they wanted to they could suddenly fade out of existence and be gone. That is, their fleshly bodies were gone, but the angels as true spirit beings could still be present and invisible. In other words, the spirit beings can step down to our plane of existence, but we cannot step up to their plane. We must remember that we are "made a little lower than the angels." Now if we had in us a spiritual part which could kick off the old body and sail right on and do just as well without it, we would not be "lower than the angels" at all. We would be in every respect equal to them.

The Satan that we talk about (if there is such a being) was created as an angel with a spirit

beings when the proper time comes, but such a condition is not promised to all. It is to be a special reward for faithful service rendered, and those who get that reward will not be human beings any more. They will be "changed" from human to spirit, so that they will be like the angels. But if all good people were naturally angels anyhow just as soon as they died, where would be the need of any "change?" And if all got to be spirit beings and "rulers" with Christ in his kingdom, please tell me what they would "rule" over. It is just as necessary to have "subjects" to be ruled over as it is to have "rulers" to do the ruling. Think of the United States with a hundred and ten million "presidents" and not a citizen anywhere! Can you imagine it?

Let's use a little common sense as we go along. As I said, the "change" from human to the spirit nature is only for a "little flock" who will constitute the Royal House— the Court of the Kingdom. The majority of the human race will always be human—just as much human after the resurrection as before—only they will be restored to the PERFECT human nature that Adam had before he sinned. After the willfully disobedient have been destroyed in the second death, and after the earth has been restored to its paradise condition, then the rest of the human race will live right here on the earth forever in endless blessdeness. The very thought of it is glorious.

A SERMON ON "ECONOMY"

We will now open our gab-trap

ples of where and how the money went. It has been testified to under oath that a 50-cent hinge cost the government $47.80, and that an 80-cent hinge cost $181.00. With the labor necessary to put them in place, their total cost should have been $6.30. It was $228.90. It has been testified under oath that a 50-cent copper gasket cost the government over $50.00, because of the useless red tape that has to be waded through to make the purchase.

I have done a little figuring on the case, and I find that the above purchases cost the government about 44 times as much as they should have cost. I have no reason to doubt that the same ratio held good throughout all the immense transactions of the war. So we see that Uncle Sam was paying out $44.00 for every dollar's worth of good Christian killing that he got.

Oh, it was a juicy game of graft, all right, and the secret of it was that several thousand "bosses' were given a "bonus" of ten per cent on all the money they could pay out for war work. That was putting a premium on graft. The government was simply paying men to steal from it. If the boss of a certain piece of war work really had need for 100 men at $5.00 a day, that would give him a bonus of $50.00 a day for his own pocket. So it occurred to the boss that while the easy money was going he might as well crowd in three or four hundred more men, whether he had use for them or not. The place he needed them was not on the works but on the pay-roll. For you see every extra hundred men on his pay roll meant another $50.00 a day for his own jeans.

The government wanted the

ble.

Well, then, since air and marble do both really exist in the world, let's see what we can find out about them. Let's see if we can learn their different habits and customs, and what they can be used for.

Could you breathe marble?

Could you build a house out of air?

Could you take a piece of marble and make air out of it?

Could you take a piece of air and make marble out of it?

No, you couldn't.

Any fool knows that.

But WHY couldn't you?

Because marble is one thing and air is something else. They are two absolutely different parts of creation, and they won't mix, blend, nor interchange with each other. You can't grind up a slab of marble and mix a slab of air with it and make something that will be a little of both. In trying such a experiment you would only ruin your marble and spill your air and lose your labor. So you just as well not try it?

Do you get the point?

I have been using marble and air to illustrate "human beings" and "spirit beings." I am trying to make you see that a human being is one thing, and that a spirit being is something entirely different. They are two absolutely different orders of creation, made out of different material and adapted to different planes of existence. They cannot be mixed into the same thing at the same time, any more than marble and air can be mixed. A human being is ALL human, and a spirit being is ALL

right on and do just as well without it, we would not be "lower than the angels" at all. We would be in every respect equal to them.

The Satan that we talk about (if there is such a being) was created as an angel with a spirit nature, and he still has that spirit nature, although in a fallen condition. It seems that a great many other angels followed Satan's revolt and fell with him, and they are fallen spirits today, helping Satan to do his evil work in the world. It is believed that they inhabit the atmosphere around the earth and exert their influence on the human race to make it rebellious and mean. The time is coming soon when Satan and his angels will be cast down from their place of authority over the earth and Christ and his angels will take charge. Can't you imagine what a glorious change that would make in the affairs and conditions of earth? Wouldn't you like to see it? Well, just be patient—you won't have much longer to wait. Old Satan knows that his time is about up—that's why he is kicking up such a rusty these days.

Now just one more point before we dismiss. The common belief is that when good people die their "souls" go to heaven and become angels right off the bat. No waiting about it. No resurrection, no judgment, no nothing—just off with the body and on with the wings. Of course it has never occurred to them that they will need the body there to fasten the wings to.

Now God has promised that some people will get to be spirit

forever in endless blessdeness. The very thought of it is glorious.

A SERMON ON "ECONOMY"

We will now open our gab-trap and say a few remarks on "Economy" as preached and practiced by our Wilsoncratic government during our spree of Kaister-cussing and legalized butchery.

Yes, honey this is a tale of Economy's left hind foot with a splinter in it and nobody to pick it out.

Don't you remember all the long-winded government lectures we got about how we must practice economy in our daily lives in order to help win the war? Don't you remember how you went on short rashions, and how you skimped and pinched to buy a Liberty Bond or a Thrift Stamp?

And what was the government doing all that time? Well, sir, it was wasting and squandering on a scale never before dreamed of. It was blowing in money as if all the rocks were solid gold and every forest leaf a hundred dollar bill. A convention of billionaires trying to die poor would have looked like 30-cent misers compared to your star-spangled old Uncle. If your economy enabled you to loan the government $1,000, how long do you suppose it lasted? Just about one second. I have made a careful calculation and I find that the wasteful war machine blowed in at least a thousand dollars per second—most of it worse than wasted.

Here is just one or two sam-

as well crowd in three or four hundred more men, whether he had use for them or not. The place he needed them was not on the works but on the pay-roll. For you see every extra lundred men on his pay roll meant another $50.00 a day for his own jeans.

The government wanted the work "speeded up" and finished, but the bosses who were getting the bonuses were not in any hurry. They wanted that soft snap to last just as long as possible. The men were getting $8 to $12 per day for doing nothing, and the bosses who hired them were getting hundreds of dollars per day for keeping the men busy doing nothing. It was a picnic for the fellows who were getting the money, but it was tough on the poor devils back home who were "economizing" to put up the cash. And it was tough on the poor fellows in the camps and trenches who were suffering and dying on one dollar a day.

And that was "Economy."

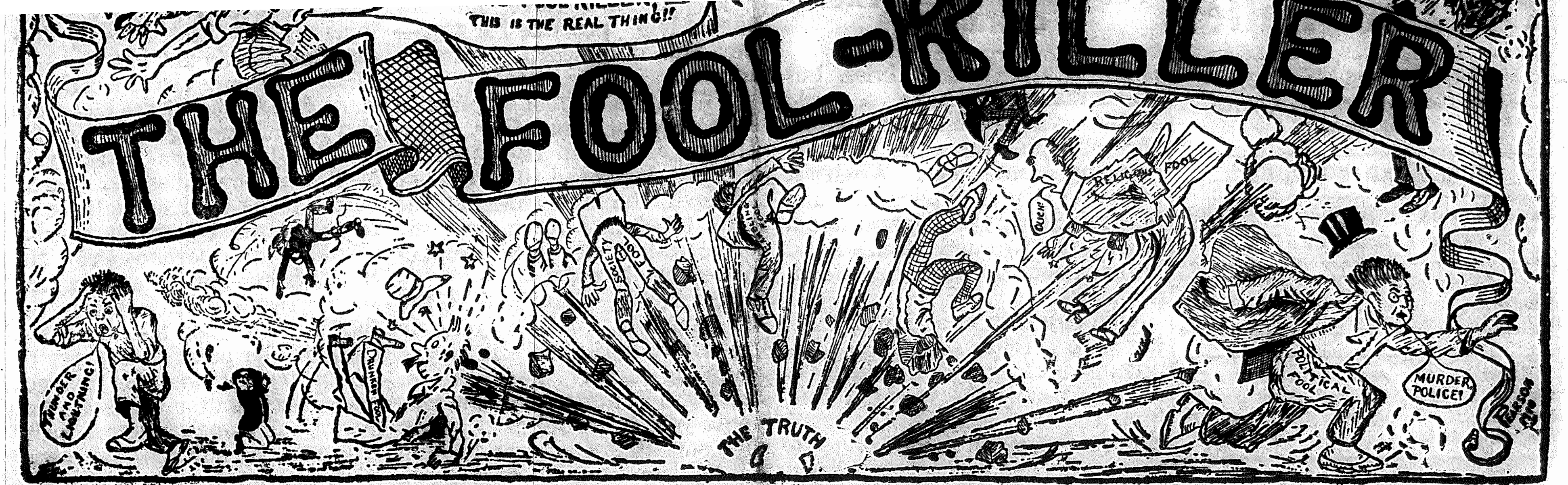
Oh, scat!

Education is a great thing. I know a man who is so highly educated that he can't even cut wood.

The election of Harding will help the poor man just about like the opening of a new beef market would help a cow.

If God was as bad as the preachers make Him out to be, He wouldn't need to hire a devil to run the fire-works. He could do it Himself. But I am glad to tell you that God isn't that kind of a character. The preachers are simply telling lies on Him.

THE FOOL-KILLER



Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, April, 1921. Number 2.

FULL AS A TICK.

Lord Harding, I long to be perfectly fat;
I want to come in there and hang up my hat;
Invite me to dinner, and do it right quick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a tick.

Here let no infernal old Democrat dwell,
And don't give the Socialists nary a smell;
To get this good eating thy feet I would lick—
Now feed me, and I shall be full as a tick.

Lord Harding, look here how imploring I come,
And help me to lengthen my belly-band some;
I've fasted long and I am nervous and sick—
Now feed me and I shall be full as a tick.

DYING WHILE WE WAIT.

Looky here, you old pot-gutted

beat the very Old Scratch, and the way we have "begged" for money—I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says.

Yes, we have appointed committees to run around over the country and beg dimes from the hatchet-faced old maids. And the committee has to wait while the old maid trots off into the next room and pulls down her stocking and fishes out a dime that has become so slick by rubbing against her shin-bone that the store-keeper wouldn't give her a box of snuff for it. And then she must count the rest of her money and tie her string garter back again, after which she trots back to our begging committee and hands over the slick dime with great ceremony, telling all about how she sold old Dommy's eggs for that dime on the umteenth day of last Juvember. She has carried it in her stocking ever since, and it fills her whitleather heart with great joy to know that her precious dime is going

gress have "appropriated" the twenty-five or thirty millions that Hoover needed and let him get the food to the hungry people in time to do them some good?

What does your belly think about that?

THE SATURDAY EVENING BOAST.

If Ben Franklin could come back to life right now and see what his pet publication has degenerated into, he would be sorry that it didn't die with him.

The thing that calls itself the Saturday Evening Post, but which I prefer to call the Saturday Evening Boast, has had a varied experience since the days when Ben Franklin used to squat his burning words into it with a Washington hand press. In those days its circulation was low and its standard high; but now it is just the reverse of that—its circulation is high and its standard very low.

Now I shall fully

ONE DAY AT MOUNT VERNON.

Do you remember when the Allies sent over a delegation during the war, and the big Ikes at Washington carried them down to Mount Vernon, and there in front of Washington's tomb they had a great love-feast, pukey with patriotism and sloppy with tears?

Two or three of England's Big Ikes were along, and it was all fixed up right there in the presence of George Washington's bones that England and America would never again allow any hard feelings or misunderstandings to come between them. They would be like two loving sisters, and they would go down the future years locked arm in arm, and if you heard anything pop it would be nothing worse than a kiss. That all sounded mighty nice.

But recently, while Congress was debating the naval appro-

And help me to lengthen my belly-band some;
I've fasted long and I am nervous and sick—
Now feed me and I shall be full as a tick.

DYING WHILE WE WAIT.

Looky here, you old pot-gutted son-of-a-gun, I want to ask your head a few questions. And if your head can't answer, then I want to ask your belly.

Suppose you were starving to death and your only chance of living another week was the kind of "help" that America has been giving to the starving of Europe and Asia, don't you reckon your chance would be purty tolerable slim?

Sarn-take my hide if I ain't honestly ashamed of the caper we have cut in pretending to help the famine-stricken lands. There they are, starving to death by the millions. I am not now discussing the CAUSE of the hunger—it may be due to different causes. War in some places. Drouths and crop-failures in others. But one thing is certain—the people who have to do the suffering are not to blame for it. They are only the helpless victims, and it is nothing more than the plain duty of the more fortunate sections of the world to help them.

"Well, ain't we helping them all we can?" says somebody.

Like thunder we are. Here it has been over six months since Hoover sent out his urgent call for twenty-three million dollars, and what have we done? We have "organized" ourselves to

hands over the slick dime with great ceremony, telling all about how she sold old Dommy's eggs for that dime on the umteenth day of last Juvember. She has carried it in her stocking ever since, and it fills her whitleather heart with great joy to know that her precious dime is going to feed the starving nations. And as she talks about it the tears run down her cheeks and wash off the powder till her face looks like an old striped pumpkin.

Just repeat that performance about steen million times and you get a very good picture of what we have been doing for the starving people all these six or eight months.

And what have the starving people been doing in the meantime?

Dying for the food that they needed six months ago.

That's what.

What good is it going to do them for us to beg dimes and send food to them after they have been dead a year or two?

We don't drag and dally along that way when we want money for a dozen more battleships. Uncle Sam always seems to have plenty of it right in his jeans for that purpose. Why, hangtake it all, just since we have been begging these dimes for the famine sufferers the United States has "appropriated" right out of the treasury for army and navy purposes enough to feed the whole confounded world.

If there is so ding-busted much money in the treasury for bullets, why isn't there a little for bread? Why couldn't Con-

ried experience since the days when Ben Franklin used to squat his burning words into it with a Washington hand press. In those days its circulation was low and its standard high; but now it is just the reverse of that—its circulation is high and its standard very low.

Now I shall fully expect Ed Howe and a few thousand others to rise up on their hind legs and dispute that. But their disputing it won't put any change on me. I know what I am talking about. Considered from a literary standpoint, the Saturday Evening Boast is about the cheapest and sorriest drivel that ever was palmed off on the world in the name of literature. When you boil it down and skim off the big words there is nothing left but a nightmare's halter and the smell of Irv Cobb's feet.

To start in reading one of its endless tiresome tales is like riding a club-footed snail to the South Pole and back. And if you ever do reach the end you feel like somebody poured dishwater down your neck.

About once every two years I buy a copy of the Saturday Evening Boast and try my best to read it. But I never yet have got beyond the first full-page advertisement of Guaranteed Leather Biscuits or Genuine Rubber Breakfast Food.

No sir, I can't read the stuff, and I say that no man who is as busy as I am ought to waste his time over it. If you have nothing better to do than read the Saturday Evening Boast, you had better take your dog and go out into the woods and tree a fish.

They would be like two loving sisters, and they would go down the future years locked arm in arm, and if you heard anything pop it would be nothing worse than a kiss. That all sounded mighty nice.

But recently, while Congress was debating the naval appropriations bill, one speaker denounced the "disarmament" movement as nothing more or less than "insidious propaganda" from Great Britain. The New York American and various other big papers think they see a trap for the United States in the disarmament proposal, because it would enable England and Japan to unite their navies against us and outnumber our ships and guns three to one.

All afraid of England and Japan. So it seems that the "sisters" are not quite so loving and trustful as they were that day there at Mount Vernon. Don't you see how all the human plans are going to smash? And don't you know the new plans they are making now will do the same? Just wait and see. There are some mighty big surprises yet in store for the statesmen of the world.

Our rulers claim that they hate war and they want to discover some way to put a stop to it. And yet they put men in jail for opposing war. Can't you see through their shallow hypocrisy? They just want us common Rubes to THINK they are trying to help us, but in reality they have no notion of doing it. Wake up, you sleepy-headed fools, and use your heads to think with.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

IDIOTORIALS.

Pass the "normalcy," please.

Now Edith can have him all to herself.

Well, we are rid of Burleson, anyhow.

I suppose Harding will appoint Rockfeller's dog as Secretary of Rats at the White House.

Hoover and Hughes must feel like two big slices of ham in a dish full of soap-grease.

I went to Washington eight years ago to see Woodenroller go

PLOWSHARES AND PRUNINGHOOKS.

These are serious times, but still I manage to have a good of fun as I go along. The ignorance of some folks is actually amusing sometimes. When it comes to studying prophecy and understanding the dispensational truths, the average man's mind is just about as clumsy as a fodder-stack.

One day last week I was talking with a feller about the "disarmament" question which is now agitating the world. I told him the time was near at hand when the nations would lay down their guns and quit having wars.

He shook his head.

"No, no," sez he, "that will never happen in this world. There will be wars as long as there are people on the earth."

"But, sez I, "don't the Bible speak of a time when nation shall not rise up against nation, neither shall they learn war any more?"

"Oh, yes," sez he, "but that will be at the end of time, when the earth will be burnt up and all the people will be carried away, either to heaven or hell. Of course there won't be any war on earth then, because there won't be any earth."

And he stuck to that notion like a cuckleburr to a calf's belly, and nothing could change him. I might as well have tried to reason with a stump.

And the pity of it is that is the commonly accepted view. Nearly everybody believes that war will continue as long as the earth stands; but they believe the earth will be entirely burnt up at the Judgment Day, so that there will be no people living

they will not have military schools and practice for war—they will not "learn" war any more.

Why, it's all just as plain as the nose on a man's face. After Christ has set up His kingdom here and destroyed the works of the devil, the land will continue to be tilled and sown, and the people will rejoice in the abundance of the harvest.

Yes, honey, I am glad to tell you that the earth is going to stay right here, and the people are going to stay here on it. There will be nations and governments just as literal as they are now, only the officers and rulers will be good men, all working in harmony under the general management of Jesus Christ. When that time comes good men like Eugene Debs will not be put in prison for opposing war. They will be elevated to the ruling places and given the highest honors, and if anybody has to go to jail, it will be the blood-thirsty "patriots" and war jingoes.

The next four years will be spent in talking disarament and building bigger war machines. No disarmament just yet. The wrong kind of men are still in power. But I think four more years will finish them. Some of the men who are to rule the world during the Golden Age are now in jail.

A SERMON ON STAR-FIXING.

For some reason or other I have always had a few drops of astronomy in my blood, and used to think I wanted to be a regular Star-Fixer. It seemed to me that there was no other calling so grand and noble as that of helping God manage his stars. I

any size at all. They can only see it as a point light. Indeed, they say that we do not see the star at all—we only see the light of it. And the light we see has probably been traveling toward us for five hundred years at the rate of 168 million miles per second before it got near enough for us to see it. So I have an uneasy suspicion that perhaps Prof. Michaelson has got his calculations sorter twisted. It seems to me that he has just measured the light at the point it has got to in its travels, and he has not measured the star at all. He has no way of knowing how big the real star is, nor how far away it is, nor whether it is there at all or not. It may have burnt up and gone out five hundred years ago. But even if it has, that will never make any difference to us. It is only the light of it that we are interested in. It must be a very large light, and if it keeps on traveling toward us at the rate light is supposed to travel it will get here by and by. And then what do you suppose we would do with such a light after it got here? We couldn't find any place big enough to put it, and it would be a pity to let it lie around out of doors and get rained on.

Great horned stud-hosses!

I have just about made up my mind that the present-day astronomers have got in deep water and can't swim, and they don't know what to do next. It will take a bigger fool than I am to believe some of their wild-eyed theories. I have noticed one peculiar thing—they always fix it so that the farther away a star is the bigger it gets. If a star is believed to be within a few hundred million miles of earth it

Hoover and Hughes must feel like two big slices of ham in a dish full of soap-grease.

I went to Washington eight years ago to see Woodenroller go in, but I didn't go this time. Guess they were all disappointed, but I don't care.

"Disarmament does not prevent war," says Major-General R. L. Bullard. Well, maybe armament does. You might ask Germany.

Looks to me like it would have been more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things to appoint Mellon as Secretary of the Navy. Then, by grabs, he could have been a Water-Mellon.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

Nearly everybody believes that war will continue as long as the earth stands; but they believe the earth will be entirely burnt up at the Judgment Day, so that there will be no people living here then. People who hold such views have evidently not stopped to consider the meaning of Isaiah 2:4; which says:

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Beat their swords into what?

Plowshares.

What use will they have for plowshares unless they are going to do some plowing? And how will they plow if the earth is burnt up and gone?

And then the spears—what is it they are going to make out of their spears?

Pruning hooks.

But what use will they have for pruning hooks if there ain't going to be any fruit trees and vines to prune? And how could there be any fruit trees and vines if the earth is burnt up and gone?

The mention of plowshares and pruning-hooks is the key to the situation. It proves that farming and fruit-growing will flourish on earth after wars have ceased. And surely there will have to be people here to carry on the work.

You will notice, also, that it speaks of nations as if they were still to be in existence here, but it says they will not lift up their swords against each other, and

astronomy in my blood, and used to think I wanted to be a regular Star-Fixer. It seemed to me that there was no other calling so grand and noble as that of helping God manage his stars. I could picture myself standing on a step-ladder and reaching up to button Venus's dress or rub linament on Jupiter's sore leg.

But as I grew older and discovered that the stars had been jogging along for several million years without my help, it gradually dawned on me that maybe they could make out awhile longer without me. So that's how science lost a good astronomer and literature gained a good writer.

But every little while something happens to draw my attention back to the star business, and I just have to cut loose and talk astronomy some more.

The latest big sensation in the star world has just been sprung by Prof. Michaelson, of Chicago, What-a-noise. He claims to have measured the diameter of a star whose American name is Alpha Orionis—I don't know what they call it at home—and he says it is three hundred million miles straight through it. In other words, if you put the center of it where our sun is, the half of its thickness would reach all the way from the sun to the earth and about fifty-seven million miles further on. It would fill out the entire orbit of the earth and bulge out over the orbit like a fat man's belly over the top of his breeches.

And that star is said to be so far away that the biggest telescope on earth does not give it

peculiar thing—they always fix it so that the farther away a star is the bigger it gets. If a star is believed to be within a few hundred million miles of earth it isn't so large. But as they move farther away into space they get so doggon big that a feller needs a mental telescope to even think about them. If they keep on at that sort of a game the first thing we know they will discover a star so big that there won't be any room left in the universe for God and the rest of us.

The trouble with the astronomers is that they are just like the theologians—they have simply got **STARTED** wrong, and the farther they go the farther wrong they get. Their false theories have led them into telling some mighty big lies, and now they have to try to prove their first lies by telling others still bigger. It's all sorter like trying to bottle up the smell of the pole-cat that Noah had in the Ark.

When a man gets some money he is no bigger than he was before, but he can act bigger.

If you never saw any bowing down to the golden calf you are going to see it now. Here is a little snap-shot from the New York Times of the man Harding has chosen to handle the nation's money: Andrew W. Mellon, designated as the next Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the richest men in Pennsylvania, and stands among the fifty wealthiest men in the country." Chosen for his great wealth, and for no other reason. "Get the money, boys; get the money!"

PEARSON'S POETICAL WORKS

Listen here, folks! I've got something to tell you. I suppose most of you know that I am a sort of one-hoss poet. Yes, I have been writing verse for more than 25 years. A good deal of it has been printed in papers here and yonder, and about 12 years ago I got out one little book of my poems. I only made 500 copies of that book, and it has long been out of print. In the meantime I have been grinding out a good many new poems that have never been published in a book, and I now have quite a large collection. They are mostly short poems on a great variety of subjects. Some of them are droll and humorous, but the majority of them are seriously handled and polished with all the poetical skill I possess. Really I have put the best part of my life into these poems, and as I am now 41 years old it is getting time they were published in book form. The entire collection will make a book of about 300 pages. I have set my head to get my "Complete Poetical Works" published this year if there is any chance of it. I might waste the whole year trying to get it accepted by some of the big publishing houses and then fail, so the surest plan is to publish it myself and to sell it to you folks who read The Fool-Killer. You all know me, and you seem to like my prose stuff mighty well, and the chances are you would enjoy reading my poetical efforts.

But it is going to take a whole lot of money to buy the paper for this book, and I haven't got the money, so you folks will have to help me get it some way. In the first place, I want to find out how many of you would like to have the book. It cannot be sold for less than $1.50, and it may possibly have to be $2.00. I can tell better about that when I see how much it costs to make it. Paper is one thing that hasn't come down any, and it isn't likely to come down any time soon. I would like to print three or four thousand copies of the

"FOOL-KILLER FUN"

Another New Book.

Since I am going into the book publishing business, I might as well go into it good and strong. I can advertise and sell several books just as well as one.

So this, then, is the announcement of "Fool-Killer Fun," which I propose to publish just as soon as I get pledges enough to cover the cost.

The Fool-Killer has now been running for eleven years, and during that time I have written several hundred good humorous articles for which there has been a great demand, and many of which have a permanent value and will not get out of date. Many readers of the paper have requested that I gather up all the best of these articles from the back files of the paper and publish them in a book.

So that is what I propose to do. You who know the paper will have a pretty good idea of what the book will contain. It will be just the best of the funny things. There will be a dozen side-splitters on every page.

I don't know just how big the book will be, but it will probably contain 250 pages or more. It will be printed on good book paper and nicely bound in cloth. The price will be as low as possible.

Now how many of you are going to want "Fool-Killer Fun?" Speak up quick. Just drop me a card saying you will take one when ready. If you also want my "Complete Poems," mentioned in another column, you can send your pledge for both on the same card.

Now hurry up and send your cards so that I can begin to make my plans for getting the books printed.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

PARAGRAPHS.

Now, hang-take it all, you can eat normalcy and wear normalcy.

Take Hughes and Hoover out

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now about 11 years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting be sold for less than $1.50, and it may possibly have to be $2.00. I can tell better about that when I see how much it costs to make it. Paper is one thing that hasn't come down any, and it isn't likely to come down any time soon. I would like to print three or four thousand copies of the book if I can get advance orders enough to justify it.

However, I am not asking you to send any money now. I just want you to send me your PLEDGE that you will buy and pay for a copy of the book when I get ready to make it. Just write on an ordinary postal card something like this and mail it to me:

James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.,
Dear Sir:—

I hereby pledge myself to buy and pay for one copy of your "Complete Poetical Works," and will send the money whenever you notify me that you are ready for it.

Be sure to write your name and address carefully on the card, and mail it to me. Just as soon as I get enough of these pledges to insure me that the book is going to pay expenses, I will start the wheels to rolling. Send your pledge card right now, while the subject of "Pearson's Poetical Works" is fresh on your mind.

Your old chum,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

READ "WORLD TO COME"
300 Pages. 25 Cents.

Presents an easily understood outline of the whole DIVINE PLAN. Revelation interpreted and many Prophetic sayings explained in the light of transpiring events. "WHY COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?" 31p tract sent free with each order. Shows the Bible truth about the dead. For all TRUTH-SEEKERS regardless of sect or creed. Sent on approval if desired. Return book if not desirable. Nothing gained by waiting.
Home Bible Study Club, Hudson, Ill.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

PARAGRAPHS.

Now, hang-take it all, you can eat normalcy and wear normalcy.

Take Hughes and Hoover out of the Cabinet, and the rest of it smells so strong of corporation influence that a decent poor man has to hold his nose and run. "Get the money, boys; get the money!"

If I were as good as I ought to be I would be in jail. No person can live an absolutely true and consistent Christian life in this country and stay out of jail. Debs tried it, and you see where he landed.

If a few doggoned old cables are the only interests that we have in Yap, it seems to me there is no use of all this fuss. It would be much cheaper to lay another set of cables than it would be to fight another big war.

If you were an oil well in Mexico and belonged to some American millionaire you would be "protected." But since you are just a common cheap hunk of human flesh—well, that's different, you know. "Get the money, boys; get the money!"

J. H. ALLEN, S. T.,
Chamois, Mo.
Cures All Diseases, Present or Absent, Without Drugs, Cures in Ten States.
Send Stamp for Testimonials.

Note:—I believe Prof. Allen's method to be safe, sane and scientific, and can testify that I am now being greatly benefitted by his treatments.—Mrs. Cora Pearson.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or whereever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

HENRY FORD'S FALSE ALARM.

Since your uncle Henry Ford started up that terrible boogery tune on his old Jews-harp, he shore-to-goodness is waking up the natives. From every section of the country I hear excited echoes of Henry's weepy-eyed warning against the Jews. He is going ahead at great length to prove that the Jews are so much smarter than the rest of us that they are going to get control of everything and rule us, and that we must rise up in our ignorance and a few other clothes and put a stop to it.

Now that sounds to me like a curious kind of talk. If the Jews are really so smart that three or four million of them can get the upper hand and control a hundred million Gentiles, what can we do about it? If we have not been smart enough to keep out of their trap, how in the name of Pete are we going to be smart enough to GET OUT? Looking at it from Henry's standpoint, it seems that we are gone suckers.

But still the cry rings out, "They have got us—therefore we must not let them get us!" As if a fish on the hook should say, "You mustn't catch me."

Here is an editorial on the subject written by Archibald Johnson, a big Baptist editor of Thomasville, N. C., and he seems to have a well-developed case of Jewphobia—caught it from Ford, of course. Just listen at him have a fit:

> "A pamphlet has come into our hands that has been widely circulated entitled "The International Jew" that contains some startling facts about the Children of Israel. One fourth of all the Jews in the world live in the United States. They have prospered

the Jews coming into power and controlling everything is all true enough, but it isn't anything to get scared at. I have believed for many years that this very thing would come to pass, because the Bible plainly teaches it. And if a man is going to pretend to believe the Bible at all he cannot doubt that part of it. And now that I see it actually coming to pass I am GLAD, because it proves to me that the thing I have been basing my calculations on is TRUE. If I had needed any further proof that the Bible prophets knew what they were talking about, I now have it.

The trouble with all these folks who are getting so scared up is because they do not understand God's plan of the Ages. They just look upon the Jews as a keen-minded, greedy and unscrupulous race of people who are out for the money and will sacrifice anything else to get it. They don't realize that the God of Abraham is directing every step that the Jews take and CAUSING them to take it. They don't know that the Gentile Age HAS ENDED—that the "seven times" punishment against the Jews HAS ENDED and that the special favor of God is returning to the Jews again. The Gentiles have been led astray by false theology so long that they do not have any comprehension of what is really going to happen in this "Time of Trouble."

Notice that editor Johnson in the above-quoted editorial says this:

"Whether they are the Chosen People or not, they are not fit to govern this country."

Read that again. Stop and let it soak in. Try to get the full

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOST.

Hang my buttons!
Dog my cats!
Shakespeare's belfry
Is full of bats.

Lend me your ears.

I will return them in about five minutes.

Listen!

The latest news is that the Spook-Hunters, otherwise known as Spiritualists, have got their claws fastened in the spiritual whiskers of our old friend Shakespeare and are trying to drag him back into this every-day world of greed, graft and gullibility, fanatics, fools and falsehood, dope, devilment and debauchery.

It seems that Miss Sarah Somebody recently called up Sheakespeare on the old weejy board and persuaded him to dictate an entirely new book of poems. Shakespeare had not writ anything for publication in about three hundred years, and I reckon his spiritual brain was sorter rusty and his spiritual fingers sorter stiff, but he agreed to try it.

And the story goes that the poems were dictated by Shakespeare's ghost and written down in shorthand by Miss Sarah Somebody, and the book has now been published, so the papers say.

I have not yet seen Spirit Shakespeare's new book, but I have seen some selections from it, and I am sorry to say that the Bard of Avon seems to be sorter petering out in his old age. This latest collection of poetry is no more like what he used to produce than a tadpole is like a humming-bird. It sounds like a cross between the rattle of a

THEN AND NOW.

Four years ago Japan and Russia were our loyal and patriotic Allies in the war against Germany. And all of us Allied nations were pure and sanctified, and we would never commit another sin nor have another falling out among us.

After we got the Kaiser whipped we were just going to put our arms around one another and go waltzing right on into a man-made paradise, and each Allied nation would be offered a big slice of pie and would refuse to take it, and the peace and harmony would be so thick that you couldn't stir it with a paddle. That was the war that was going to end war, and the thought of ever needing an army or navy after that was unthinkable.

That was four years ago. But how is it now? Well, Russia has for three years been an enemy, and we have been fighting her in every low-down sneaking way we could think of. And now we are all worked up into a frenzy of wrath and at dagger's points with Japan over the island of Yap, a little old dab of mud that a boy could tote on the end of his toe.

We believe now that Japan is a false-hearted old wench, because she wants something that we want, and we'd just as soon fight her as to look at her, by grannies. Didn't we win the war? And ain't we got a right to be proud if it? Yes sir, we'll build the biggest navy on earth, and we'll make 'em stand around, WE will. We can whip Japan with one hand tied behind us, and if France and England try to insist from Ford, of course. Just listen at him have a fit:

"A pamphlet has come into our hands that has been widely circulated entitled "The International Jew" that contains some startling facts about the Children of Israel. One fourth of all the Jews in the world live in the United States. They have prospered greatly here where they have never been persecuted. The Jews own practically all the land upon which New York City stands. Everybody knows about their thrift. The Jew is a natural trader. He cares nothing about the farming business. He cannot take short cuts on nature. He must deal honestly with the soil, and that does not suit him. He cannot outwit the seasons, and life to him is a bore unless he can get the better of somebody. But the Jew is not only a great tradesman—he is also a great journalist. The book startled us by claiming that a majority of the national newspapers are controlled by the Jews. In this way the Israelites are molding public sentiment in this nation. They also dominate the amusements of this country. They own the theatres, the picture shows, etc. So in finance ,in journalism, and in the public amusement business, the Jews are our masters. The question is, are these thrifty energetic and unscrupulous people going to continue to dominate our business and social life, and if so what will be the consequences? The Jews love war, not that they are either brave or patriotic, but they reap fortunes out of war. The world war vastly enriched the Hebrews. Whoever lost money by that tragic struggle, the Jews made it by the millions. Whether they are the chosen people or not, they are not fit to govern this country. It would be a tragedy for this free government to pass into such unholy hands."

Now listen to old Pearson just a minute:

Henry Ford and Archibald Johnson and all the rest of them are unnecessarily excited about this matter. What they say about

Trouble."

Notice that editor Johnson in the above-quoted editorial says this:

"Whether they are the Chosen People or not, they are not fit to govern this country."

Read that again. Stop and let it soak in. Try to get the full force of what he is saying. His idea seems to be that if the Jews are God's chosen people, then God has made a bad choice, and he thinks we had better take the matter out of God's hands and run it ourselves. He thinks we are more capable of knowing what the world needs than God is, and if God meddles in our business a little more we will have to tell him where to get off. If that ain't some big talk I never heard any. And so the Jews are "not fit to govern this country." Maybe we THINK they are not, and of course it is entirely natural for us to think so. But what if it should finally turn out that God knows more about it than we do? Don't you reckon we would feel sorter chawed?

A cow that Editor Johnson is going to kill and eat for beef might say, "That man Johnson is not fit to eat me." But what could the cow do about it? How could she help herself? And so we Gentiles may think that the Jews are "not fit" to govern the world, but if God wants them to do it, how are we going to help ourselves?

The point is that we should not WANT to oppose the new order of things that is now coming in. We should study the matter intelligently and try to learn what the Divine Plan is, and then not make jackasses of ourselves by braying against it.

have seen some selections from it, and I am sorry to say that the Bard of Avon seems to be sorter petering out, in his old age. This latest collection of poetry is no more like what he used to produce than a tadpole is like a humming-bird. It sounds like a cross between the rattle of a loose shingle and the squeak of a new boot. During his life on earth Shakespeare would have murdured any person who tried to pack off such stuff on him.

I declare, if Shakespeare's spirit has been in heaven these three hundred years, and if his residence there has had such a bad effect on his poetical powers. it surely ain't much of a place for poets. Anyhow, there is no denying the fact that Bill has fallen off terribly. I advise him to take a correspondence course in verse-writing. There are several good schools in America that could teach him, but as they don't use weejy boards in their business I don't see how they are going to manage him.

Shucks in August! How is it possible for people with any sense at all to believe in such lying nonsense? We all know that Shakespeare is dead. His entire being is resting in the grave, and is just as dead and just as unconscious as the marble slab that covers him. And then for people to pretend that he is in heaven trying to write poetry! And to think that lots of people believe it! Gee-whiz! What a job The Fool-Killer has ahead of it yet!

Now if Villa would just get active again it would give Harding a good excuse to send the army into Mexico.

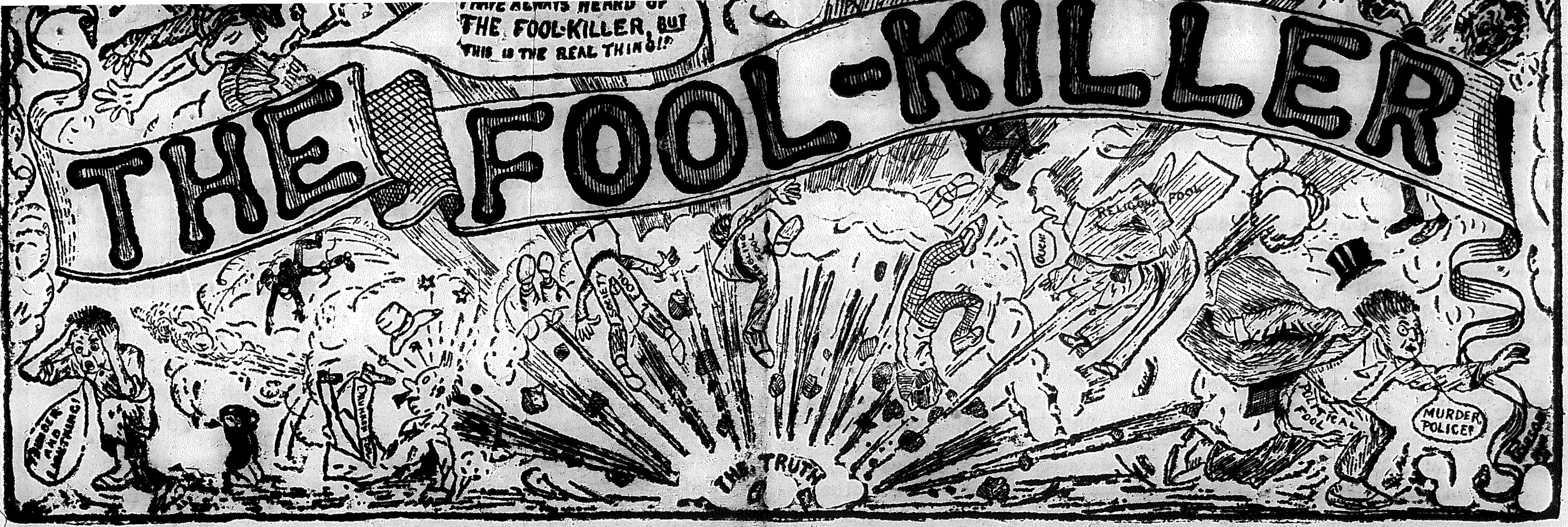
fight her as to look at her, by grannies. Didn't we win the war? And ain't we got a right to be proud if it? Yes sir, we'll build the biggest navy on earth, and we'll make 'em stand around, WE will. We can whip Japan with one hand tied behind us, and if France and England try to insist on that Japanese mandate over Yap, we can whip them too, doggon 'em!

That seems to be the sentiment of our 2x4 statesmen and our millitary bosses at present. They have lost all confidence in that beautiful idealism of four years ago, and now it's every man for himself and the devil for all, just like it used to be.

And now, gentlemen, I put it up to you square and honest! When the big plans of all the world's big leaders fail so miserably in four years, how can we go ahead putting our trust in what they tell us from now on? Don't you know the next big plans will fail just like the last one, and they will keep on failing just as long as men and nations put their faith in armies and navies. The world's idea of building up great war machines in the hope of preventing war is like jumping in the river to keep from getting wet.

Money is the only thing that is going to cut any ice with this administration. A poor man will stand no more chance than a snowball in Billy Sunday's hell. Therefore, 'get the money, boys!'

A sun 27 million times bigger than our old Sol would be a right smart show for this country. Some enterprising circus man ought to put it in a tent and charge ten cents admission.



Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, May, 1921. Number 3.

"THE PRESENT ORDER."

It seems sorter out of place to say "the Present Order" when it is so very evident that "The Present Disorder" would be more appropriate. There is no order in the world today. Everything is disorder, and getting more disorderly with every tick of the clock.

But you know the old fogies and stand-patters talk about "The Present Order"—meaning the Capitalist System of government that has been in vogue over the world for many generations. And they say that system is the most wonderfully perfect thing that ever was, and it just must be preserved and perpetuated in all of its original glory.

Well, just stop and look. Let your eyes wander about over the world and behold the wreck and ruin that this same glorious "Present Order" has caused. At

ride in again, reminds me of an advertisement I saw in a paper tuther day. A man was advertising a Ford for sale, and as well as I can remember it went something like this:

"For sale, one Ford about ten years old;
Going at a bargain—must be sold.
You can use it for anything you please,
From cleaning out wells to climbing trees.
The only thing that it seems to lack
Is the habit of going and coming back.
Some of the piston rings are broke—
Don't take nothin' to make it choke.
Engine misses more than it hits;
You're got to cuss it until it quits.
Timer's worn til it ain't no good;
Somebody's throwed away the hood.
One rim busted and three spokes loose,
Fenders rattle to beat the deuce.
Hard to start when the weather's cold.
Clutch is loose and the brake won't hold.
Got no tires—runs on the rim;
Dam good Ford for the fix it's in."

SMOKING TO BEAT HELL.

The above heading is not profanity. You surely don't think the editor of a great religious paper would cuss. No, it is only a plain statement of fact, as I will show you in just a minute.

You know General Sherman said war was hell.

All right.

And you know that the League of Nations was gotten up to prevent war.

That is, to beat war.

In other words, to beat hell.

So you see that whatever is done at a meeting of the League of Nations is done for the purpose of beating hell.

The following paragraph, which I clip from an exchange, will convince you that the delegates to the Spa Conference did a considerable amount of smoking, and considering the circumstances and the amount of smoking done,

ing cigars and being entertained at the public expense.

If they were there to stop war, goodness knows there was plenty of it to stop, and all that swell "entertaining" shows how little they really cared about the suffering of the world.

All the high-class cigar smoke they can puff will never stop a battle nor ease a pain.

No—

Hold on—

Maybe I'm too fast.

Maybe there is ONE way that smoking cigars might stop war.

If all them smokers would go and blow their 30,000-volt breath in the faces of the fighting armies I have an idea they would stop fighting mighty quick.

They'd just have to stop.

It would be wusser than gas.

And maybe that's the way the Leg of Mutton — I mean the League of Nations—is going to stop war.

But any way you take it that

thing that ever was, and it just must be preserved and perpetuated in all of its original glory.

Well, just stop and look. Let your eyes wander about over the world and behold the wreck and ruin that this same glorious "Present Order" has caused. At the beginning of the "time of trouble" and for hundreds of years back every nation was a capitalistic nation. The capitalist theory of government held absolute sway everywhere. If it was such a perfect system of government, why didn't it keep the world running smooth and prevent the awful wreck that has come? If it was such a good tree, why in the thunder didn't it bear better fruit?

The champions of the capitalist system cannot deny that their system was to blame for this terrible smash-up. Germany, England, France, and all the rest of them were capitalist to the bone. They were all riding on the capitalist car and doing things in the approved capitalist way.

But you see what happened.

And now they want us to pick ourselves up out of the wreckage and crawl right back on the same old car that wrecked us. They admit that some of the wheels are gone, and the axles terribly twisted, and the sides caved in, and the boiler busted, but still the plutes think it is a pretty good old car and safer than anything else on the road.

The way the plutes and capitalists are praising their old wreck of a system and recommending it as a good car for the world to

Timer's worn til it ain't no good;
Somebody's throwed away the hood.
One rim busted and three spokes loose,
Fenders rattle to beat the deuce.
Hard to start when the weather's cold.
Clutch is loose and the brake won't hold.
Got no tires—runs on the rim;
Dam good Ford for the fix it's in."

ASK YOUR PREACHER.

Here is a question that you might ask your preacher the next time he comes to pull chicken leg with you:

"If Adam and Eve had obeyed God, would they have died and gone to heaven after awhile?"

Just try it, and see what his answer will be. If he says they would not have died at all, then ask him if they would have gone to heaven alive, body and all, with their shoes on.

If he says no to that, then ask where and how they would have spent eternity, anyhow, seeing that he believes this old earth is going to be burnt up by and by.

It won't take many such questions as that to wind him up.

About as good a way as any to convince people that the popular theology is all tommyrot is to bombard them with such questions as that. Before they realize it they are all tangled up and no place to get out.

The League of (abomi) Nations is dead, but President Hardtimes seems willing to take a few of its bones and make them over into an "association of nations." As if changing a polecat's name would improve the smell.

of Nations is done for the purpose of beating hell.

The following paragraph, which I clip from an exchange, will convince you that the delegates to the Spa Conference did a considerable amount of smoking, and considering the circumstances and the amount of smoking done, I think they must have been smoking to beat hell.

"The Belgian Government has filed a written dun with the Secretary of the League of Nations, demanding that that otherwise functionless body pay a $10,000 cigar bill contracted by its members who held the famous Spa Conference. While the League of Nations conference was holding that meeting, the Belgian authorities took over for their benefit all the hotels, taxicabs and restaurants in order to accommodate the delegations, and all the bills contracted by the League of Nations while in council have been paid except the entertainment bill. The Belgian Government has proposed to cancel the bill, providing the Council will pay the $10,000 for the cigars smoked."—Exchange.

And what do you think of that, Jeems Henry?

The entertainment bill!

For pity's sake!

What a terrible amount of "entertaining" it must take to run the Leg of Mutton—excuse me, I mean the League of Nations—for a few days.

And if just the one item of cigars amounted to $10,000, what do you suppose the entire bill must have been?

If them Tom-Dicks were there for any good purpose it looks to me like they would have had something else to do besides lollop around in easy chairs, smok-

ies I have an idea they would stop fighting mighty quick.

They'd just have to stop.

It would be wusser than gas.

And maybe that's the way the Leg of Mutton — I mean the League of Nations—is going to stop war.

But any way you take it, that delegation at Spa certainly did smoke to beat hell.

Harding is nearly as sorry a correspondent as I am. I wrote him a letter about Debs on the 4th of March and he hasn't answered it yet. And at last accounts he hadn't done what I told him to, either. If Debs had been a millionaire he would have been released and appointed to a Cabinet job. "Get the money, boys; get the money!"

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
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Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

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Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1921:

Editor, Managing Editor, Bus. Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Apr., 1921.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.
My commission expires 192

"FOOL-KILLER FUN"

Another New Book.

Since I am going into the book

PEARSON'S POETICAL WORKS

Listen here, folks! I've got something to tell you. I suppose most of you know that I am a sort of one-hoss poet. Yes, I have been writing verse for nore than 25 years. A good deal of t has been printed in papers here and yonder, and about 12 years ago got out one little book of my poems. only made 500 copies of that book, and it has long been out of print. In the meantime I have been grinding ut a good many new poems that have never been published in a book, and now have quite a large collection. hey are mostly short poems on a reat variety of subjects. Some of hem are droll and humorous, but he majority of them are seriously handled and polished with all the potical skill I possess. Really I have put the best part of my life into hese poems, and as I am now 41 ears old it is getting time they were published in book form. The entire ollection will make a book of about 00 pages. I have set my head to get my "Complete Poetical Works" published this year if there is any chance of it. I might waste the whole year trying to get it accepted by some f the big publishing houses and hen fail, so the surest plan is to publish it myself and to sell it to you folks who read The Fool-Killer. You all know me, and you seem to like my prose stuff mighty well, and the hances are you would enjoy reading my poetical efforts.

But it is going to take a whole lot f money to buy the paper for this book, and I haven't got the money, so you folks will have to help me get it some way. In the first place, I want to find out how many of you would like to have the book. It cannot be sold for less than $1.50, and it may possibly have to be $2.00. I can ell better about that when I see how much it costs to make it. Paper s one thing that hasn't come down any, and it isn't likely to come down any time soon. I would like to print hree or four thousand copies of the book if I can get advance orders

CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS A YEAR

The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now about 11 years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting

this the 1st day of Apr., 1921.
Mattie F. Greer, P.M.
My commission expires 192

"FOOL-KILLER FUN"

Another New Book.

Since I am going into the book publishing business, I might as well go into it good and strong. I can advertise and sell several books just as well as one.

So this, then, is the announcement of "Fool-Killer Fun," which I propose to publish just as soon as I get pledges enough to cover the cost.

The Fool-Killer has now been running for eleven years, and during that time I have written several hundred good humorous articles for which there has been a great demand, and many of which have a permanent value and will not get out of date. Many readers of the paper have requested that I gather up all the best of these articles from the back files of the paper and publish them in a book.

So that is what I propose to do. You who know the paper will have a pretty good idea of what the book will contain. It will be just the best of the funny things. There will be a dozen side-splitters on every page.

I don't know just how big the book will be, but it will probably contain 250 pages or more. It will be printed on good book paper and nicely bound in cloth. The price will be as low as possible.

Now how many of you are going to want "Fool-Killer Fun?" Speak up quick. Just drop me a card saying you will take one when ready. If you also want my "Complete Poems," mentioned in another column, you can send your pledge for both on the same card.

Now hurry up and send your cards so that I can begin to make my plans for getting the books printed.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

would like to have the book. It cannot be sold for less than $1.50, and it may possibly have to be $2.00. I can ell better about that when I see how much it costs to make it. Paper s one thing that hasn't come down any, and it isn't likely to come down any time soon. I would like to print hree or four thousand copies of the book if I can get advance orders enough to justify it.

However, I am not asking you to send any money now. I just want you o send me your PLEDGE that you will buy and pay for a copy of the book when I get ready to make it. Just write on an ordinary postal card something like this and mail it o me:

James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.,
Dear Sir:—

I hereby pledge myself to buy and pay for one copy of your "Complete Poetical Works," and will send the money whenever you notify me that you are ready for it.

Be sure to write your name and address carefully on the card, and mail t to me. Just as soon as I get enough of these pledges to insure me that he book is going to pay expenses, I will start the wheels to rolling. Send your pledge card right now, while he subject of "Pearson's Poetical Works" is fresh on your mind.

Your old chum,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

J. H. ALLEN, S. T.,
Chamois, Mo.
Cures All Diseases, Present or Absent, Without Drugs, Cures in Twelve States.
Send Stamp for Testimonials.

Note:—I believe Prof. Allen's method to be safe, sane and scientific, and can testify that I am now being greatly benefitted by his treatments.—Mrs. Cora Pearson.

President Hardtimes is living up to his name pretty well.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or where-ever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

THE JEW QUESTION AGAIN.

In its issue of January 29th The Pathfinder, Washington, D. C., had a two-page article headed: "Do the Jews Plot to Erect a Super-Government Over the World?" The writer of this article also caught it from Ford, and he takes the same anti-Semitic stand. He thinks that if the Ford articles are true they reveal a situation fraught with great danger to the world.

A subscriber sends me the above-named article from the Pathfinder and wants me to comment on it. He calls my attention to the cunning, sneaking and unscrupulous methods that the Jews are alleged to have used in getting their grip on the world, and he wants to know how much better such rulers would be than the Gentile rulers we are used to.

Well, Hiram, it's just like this:

If God intends that the Gentile power shall ever go down, He will have to use SOME method to put it down, and whatever method He uses will not be pleasing to the Gentiles. If you have got any sense at all you know that. Taking for granted that it is God's will for the Jews to come into power again, let us see what methods COULD have been used to get them in:

The Jews are a very small minority of the world's population—about one per cent, I believe. Now suppose that Jewish one per cent had come to the Gentile ninety-nine per cent with a soft, pleading voice and said: "Here, you Gentiles have had the rule of the world for a long time. Please turn it over to us."

Would the Gentiles have smiled and said "All right!" and handed it over?

Not enough so you could tell

that soaks the other fellow we just cackle over it and congratulate ourselves and don't lose any sleep over whether it is right or wrong.

But if the other fellow's scheme soaks us, then, hang-take it all, we are mad about it.

The Jews are clear-brained and quick-witted. They can see plum through a thing while we Gentiles are getting our blamed eyes open. There is just one thing that the Jews have not seen yet, because the proper time has not come for them to see it. They have not been able to see that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah. They are being permitted to use their wits to conquer the world, and they are doing this while still in unbelief. But at the proper time Jesus Christ is going to reveal Himself to them just as He did to Saul of Tarsus, and then the whole Jewish race will be converted in a day. They will accept Him as their Messiah then, and He will in reality be the King of the Jews. And not of the Jews only, but of every race, kindred and nation on earth.

Now do you begin to see where the "good rule" comes in? Sure, if the Jews were going to remain just like they are now there wouldn't be any advantage in having them over us. But the Bible says they are going to be converted sudenly, and Paul's conversion was given as a type of how it will be done. The Jewish race is now in the Saul condition, but it will be changed to the Paul condition very soon.

Big things are happening in Palestine these days. Prophecy is being fulfilled rapidly. If you want to understand what is going to happen next, and if you want to know what it means when it does happen, just keep

back, and I have not found one yet who says he wanted to go, or that he enjoyed it after he got there. I have not found one yet who says he felt brave or patriotic or anything of that sort. The fact is, they were scared stiff, just as you or I would have been, and they remained scared so long that they finally became numbed and deadened to the danger. They expected nothing else but to be killed, and they didn't care much how soon it happened. But they were not puffed up with bravery and patriotism, and they were not studying anything about "making the world safe for democracy" and all that sort of tommyrot.

My sakes alive! Just suppose the boys had been filled with such notions as that, how do you reckon they would feel about it now? They would feel sorter like they had bought a pig in a poke and got nothing but the squeal.

In the name of Mike, where is the "Liberty" that the boys were supposed to have been fighting for? Where is the "Peace" that was going to come after they had licked the Kaiser? Does anybody know?

You have probably noticed that the soldier boys do not like to talk about their experiences in the war. They never tell anything unless you pick it out of them, and then you don't get much. The very act of talking about it recalls the horrible scenes that they want to forget. They would like to blot those terrible years from their memory and never think of them again. Now would that be the case if they had been doing something that they were glad to do—something that they were proud of?

accepted with particular gratitude by the Holy Father, who, persuaded by its beneficial effects, and after having it specially analyzed by the director of the pharmacy of the Vatican, formulates the most sincere wishes that your product may become famous and be as appreciated by the public as its value certainly merits. (Signed)

J. Tedescini,

Secretary of State for the Vatican."

And so it seems that the little deputy-god in Rome, who claims all power in heaven and earth, has to take patent medicine to keep his old wrinkley carcass sorter patched up. It seems that he even has a drug-store right there in his palace, and probably keeps a dozen doctors ready to run with a pill-box if they hear the old god grunt.

Now it wouldn't look so bad for a mere human to do that, but for a regular open-faced, muzzle-loading god to have to take medicine—that's what gits my goat.

Now let's read something about this-here god-person from one of his own high authorities. I now quote from Farraris's Ecclesiastical Dictionary, a standard Roman Catholic authority:

"The pope is of such dignity and highness that he is not simply a man, but, as it were, God, and the vicar of God. Hence the pope is crowned with a triple crown, as king of heaven, earth and hell. He is of such great dignity and power that he occupies one and the same tribunal with Christ, so that whatever the pope does seems to proceed from the mouth of God. The pope is, as it were, God on earth, the only prince of the faithful of Christ, the greatest king of all kings, possessing the plentitude of power, to whom the government of the earthly and heavenly kingdom is entrusted."

And then to think of such an all-powerful being as that having to tank up on patent belly-wash-pleading voice and said: "Here, you Gentiles have had the rule of the world for a long time. Please turn it over to us."

Would the Gentiles have smiled and said "All right!" and handed it over?

Not enough so you could tell it.

Then suppose the one per cent of Jews had tried to organize an army and conquer the ninety-nine per cent of Gentiles by military force. You know they couldn't have done that.

Well, then, if neither a kind request nor an open resort to arms would put them in power, what other method COULD they have used?

Nothing that I know of except their wits.

And that's what they have used.

They have simply out-planned and out-schemed the Gentiles.

It has been a contest of brains, and the Jews have won.

Talk about schemes!

Since when have the Gentiles been too religious to use any dirty scheme that would baffle an enemy.

Didn't the Allies sneakingly dig tunnels under the German positions and blow whole armies into sausage-meat?

And didn't they consider such action perfectly right and proper?

And now if the Gentiles had sense enough to outwit the Jews, wouldn't they do it?

I should say they would!

And wouldn't they think it was all right?

Sure, Mike!

It all depends on whose scheme it is. If it is our scheme the Paul condition very soon.

Big things are happening in Palestine these days. Prophecy is being fulfilled rapidly. If you want to understand what is going to happen next, and if you want to know what it means when it does happen, just keep your eye on the Jews. They are the key to all of these troubles that are now upon the world.

ASK THE SOLDIER BOYS.

Nobody holds the soldier boys, individually and collectively, in higher esteem than I do, and I would be the last man on earth to call them cowards.

But I am getting sick and tired of this infernal "patriotic" song about how our brave soldier boys went to war willingly and gladly for the cause of Liberty.

They met a nasty situation as well as it could be met, but there is no use to invent a great slobbery mess of "patriotic" lies about them and pretend that they went through that spell of hell willingly and gladly. We all know they went because they were driven into it by a bloodthirsty war-machine from which there was no escape. Why, hang-take it, if they were so willing and eager to go for the pure love of it, why did the government have to pitch in and conscript them and drive them off like dumb brutes? Why didn't the government just open its training camps and let the boys go flocking in of their own accord? Because the government knew very well that they wouldn't do it, that's why.

I have talked with lots of the soldier boys since they came y would like to blot those terrible years from their memory and never think of them again. Now would that be the case if they had been doing something that they were glad to do—something that they were proud of?

To be sure, they are not ashamed of it—they have no cause to be ashamed. They are not personally to blame for what they were forced into. They went because the war-machine said go, and they couldn't help themselves.

But what I object to is this fool habit of saying that they WANTED to do it, and that they strutted around feeling brave and patriotic while doing it. That is an infernal lie, and any soldier who went through hell in France will tell you so.

DOES GOD NEED MEDICINE?

During the past month or two a remarkable advertisement has been appearing in the papers. I find it grinning at me in all the daily papers, and have even seen it in some of the religious weeklies. It is an advertisement of a proprietary medicine called "Nuxated Iron." Now of course an ad of "Nuxated Iron" isn't anything unusual, as we have all been seeing them for years. But this one is different. It contains a picture of the Pope of Rome seated on his throne with his royal petticoat on, and underneath is a testimonial praising up Nuxated Iron and signed by one of the pope's toe-kissing flunkies. Thus reads the Vatican testimonial:

"I am happy to inform you that your gift of Nuxated Iron has ben the only prince of the faithful of Christ, the greatest king of all kings, possessing the plentitude of power, to whom the government of the earthly and heavenly kingdom is entrusted."

And then to think of such an all-powerful being as that having to tank up on patent belly-washes and stimulate his nerves with poison drugs in order to keep alive! You see the claim is that when the pope does anything it is really God doing it, and that means that the very God of heaven was getting sorter feeble and had to take a few bottles of Nuxated Iron to purify his blood and tone up His system! That is blasphemy of the deepest dye, and the old drug-fiend in the Vatican knows it. What is the use for him to claim such great divine power when he can't even straighten out the kinks in his own old diseased belly?

I think it's about time for Mr. Benedictus to resign from the god business and set up a peanut stand.

READ "WORLD TO COME"
300 Pages. 25 Cents.

An easily understood outline of the whole Divine Plan. Gives latest definite and connected interpretation of the whole book of Revelation in the light of transpiring events. Also explains the Serpent feature of Satan's monumental lie and deception in connection with the fall or degredation of man, nearer in line with the Word of God than anything heretofore attempted.

"WHY COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?" A 31 p tract is sent free with each book, and gives the Bible truth on the question of the dead, where they are etc. For all truth-seekers. Sent on approval if desired. Iome Bible Study Club, Hudson, Ill.

THAT CLOAK OF "SILENT CONTEMPT".

Something that probably passes for a human being, and answers to the name of L. K. Washburn, is quoted in E. W. Howe's Monthly as having denied the historical existence of Jesus Christ. Here is his argument:

"There never was a real Jesus, such as the New Testament presents to us. There is no such person in history. Jesus is a man of imagination. Some unknown writer gave Jesus to the world. Jesus could not have been a real character without being a historical one. No man could have performed the deeds attributed to him and not been clothed with the immortal robe of historic fame. He lived at a time when writing was popular, when some of the greatest poets and historians flourished. Had he been among them he could not have escaped mention. The reason that Jesus was not mentioned by any writer of his time was because there was no Jesus to write about. Where was Josephus, who chronicled the smallest royal event, who recorded the minutest military conquest, but who passed by Jesus as unworthy of a word? Where was Tacitus, the greatest Roman historian, who wrote of every noteworthy deed of Grecian or Roman, but who had not a line about Jesus? Why was the elder Pliny, who was celebrated for his recital of anything of interest, as silent as the tomb in regard to Jesus? Would not these men have related the acts of Jesus if they had occurred as the gospel writers assert? Here was one greater than an emperor, who could perform deeds that eclipsed the greatest feat of general or commander, who could defeat the dread leprosy by a word, who could heal all manner of afflictions,

-Washburn has done something that no other human being has ever been able to do. Therefore L. K. Washburn is one of the world's greatest men. He has worked a miracle. Therefore his name ought to stand out on every page of our current history like a search-light in a fog. But, as I have already stated, the name of this great man, L. K. Washburn, does not appear in any of my reference works or histories. Hence I am bound to conclude that L. K. Washburn does not exist.

It hardly seems worth while to waste any more time answering the arguments of a man who does not exist, but this is a good place to release a few more thoughts that are kicking each other around in my brain.

To start with, I am going to show you that L. K. Washburn deliberately lies when he says that Josephus does not mention Jesus Christ. If you will get down your Josephus and turn to his "Antiquities of the Jews," Book XVIII, Chapter III, Paragraph 3, you will find the following:

"Now there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him; for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from

will find the name of Charles T. Russell a single time. Why? Not because he was not known. Indeed not. There are mighty few people in the world who do not know him. Then why such a loud silence? Because his teaching did not harmonize with the popular creeds.It did not suit the bosses. To be sure, many of the little theological puppies have barked and snarled at his heels, but they and their writings will soon be forgotten. If the world were destined to go on in its old way for a few hundred years longer (which it is not) there would not be any evidence in the histories that such a man as Charles T. Russell ever lived. The only proof of his existence would be his own writings and those of his friends and followers.

Another case is Eugene Debs. There is a man who, in God's eyes, is bigger and better than all the presidents we have had in a generation. But what is the public allowed to know about him? The public knows he is in jail as a criminal, and that is about all. The little that is printed about him in the "respectable press consists mostly of lies and slanders. His name will not appear in any of the recognized histories that the capitalist bosses will permit to live. That is, if they can help it. But they can't.

Every age of the world has produced men like these—strong clean, honest-hearted characters who were "unorthodox" and out of harmony with the bosses of their time; men who dared to be right rather than to be popular. These men have always been crucified, burnt at the stake or thrown into prison. And always

Age after him? How did they happen to think about changing their calendar and starting a new date of reckoning, all on the strength of a "fictitious character" that had not yet been invented? That's what I want to know.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville, S. I.,
(the S. I. stands fer
Stait ov Ignerence,
April the 20-tooth.

Editor ov The Fool-Killer,
Boomer, N. C.
Dear Sur:

Well, Mister Editer, I am the saim little boy what was sich a good Redemocan jes bekaze his paw wuz. An paw wuz a Redemocan bekaze HIZ paw wuz. **An paw's paw wuz a Redemocan bekaze HIZ paw wuz. An paw's paw's paw wuz a Redemocan bekaze HIZ paw wuz. An paw's paw's paw wuz a Redemocan jes nachully bekaze HIZ paw wuz.** An paw's paw's paw's paw wuz a Redemocan bekaze HIZ paw wuz. An I reckin it went on back that a-way plum to Adam's paw, an maybe furder fer awl az I kno. Ennyhow, it haz bin in the famly awl the time, an I never heered enny uther reezon fer bein a Redemocan only bekaze paw wuz. But that's a good enuff reezun fer me(an if I ever liv 2 die I expeck 2 die a Redemocan.

We hav had 2 moove severl times sence you heered from me last, but still we git our male at Foolville. Our male has bin sorter lite ever sence I kin remember. We don't take no papers, an tha don't nobody ever rite 2 us. Along about the shank assert? Here was one greater than an emperor, who could perform deeds that eclipsed the greatest feat of general or commander, who could defeat the dread leprosy by a word, who could heal all manner of afflictions, who could still the tempest, and even conquer death—deemed unworthy of notice. Such action on the part of reputable historians is unbelievable. The only rational explanation of the silence of all the writers of the first Christian century in respect to Jesus is that there was not any Jesus, that he was created after they had finished their work. Had he lived and done what is recorded of him in the gospels, monuments would have been erected to his memory higher and nobler than the Pyramids, which would have outlasted the grandeur of all past triumps of art or mind, which would have compelled the admiration and gratitude of all mankind forever. Instead of this, oblivion sleeps over the name of Jesus on every page of history. The whole verdict of time on this subject is this: There was no living Jesus."

Now by the same rule that he applies to Jesus, I am going to prove that L. K. Washburn never existed. I have searched thru all my encyclopaedias and all my books of history and literature, and I fail to find the name of L. K. Washburn anywhere.

The job of proving that Jesus never lived is a whale of a job, and the man who can do it has accomplished a feat at least as wonderful as walking on the sea or raising the dead. In claiming for himself the honor of proving that Jesus never lived, he admits that it never had been proven before, else why should he have to do it again. Therefore L. K.

first did not forsake him; for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him. And the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day."

So there.

Now let me tell you the reason that Jesus was not mentioned very much by the writers and historians of his day:

He didn't stand in with the plutes, that's why.

The "conspiracy of silence" is not a new thing. It was known and used in the time of Jesus just as it is now. It made no difference how great a man was nor how many wonderful works he did, if his teaching and influence was not in harmony with the wishes of the "ruling class" he was buried fathoms deep in silence. The life and teachings of Jesus didn't suit the bosses of his day, and so he was ignored and all of his wonderful works "explained away."

The very same kind of business is going on all over the world today. A conspicuous case is Charles T. Russell. There was one of the world's greatest men—by all odds the greatest theologian that has lived since the days of the Apostles. His work deserves prominent mention in every encyclopaedia and every history that is written. But, no sir! He is not mentioned at all. I have three big encyclopaedias, but the name of Charles T. Russell is not mentioned in any of them. You may search every encyclopaedia and every history that has been printed in the past thirty years, and I doubt if you

of harmony with the bosses of their time; men who dared to be right rather than to be popular. These men have always been crucified, burnt at the stake or thrown into prison. And always the weapon of "silent contempt" has been used against them. The rule is, if you can't answer a man you must ignore him.

This explains very clearly why Jesus was not mentioned in the secular histories of his time. They could not answer him, and so they ignored him. If they had written a true record of the wonderful life of Jesus it would have given the lie to all of their own big notions, and they couldn't afford to do that. So it was "silent contempt" for Jesus all along the line.

Woodrow Wilson is supposed to be a great historian. If he lives awhile longer he may undertake to write a history of these times—from his viewpoint. Will he tell the truth about the famous Debs case? No-sir-ee-bob! Not him! The chances are ten to one that he will never mention Debs at all. But Jesus was too big to stay hid, and so is Debs. The truth will come out.

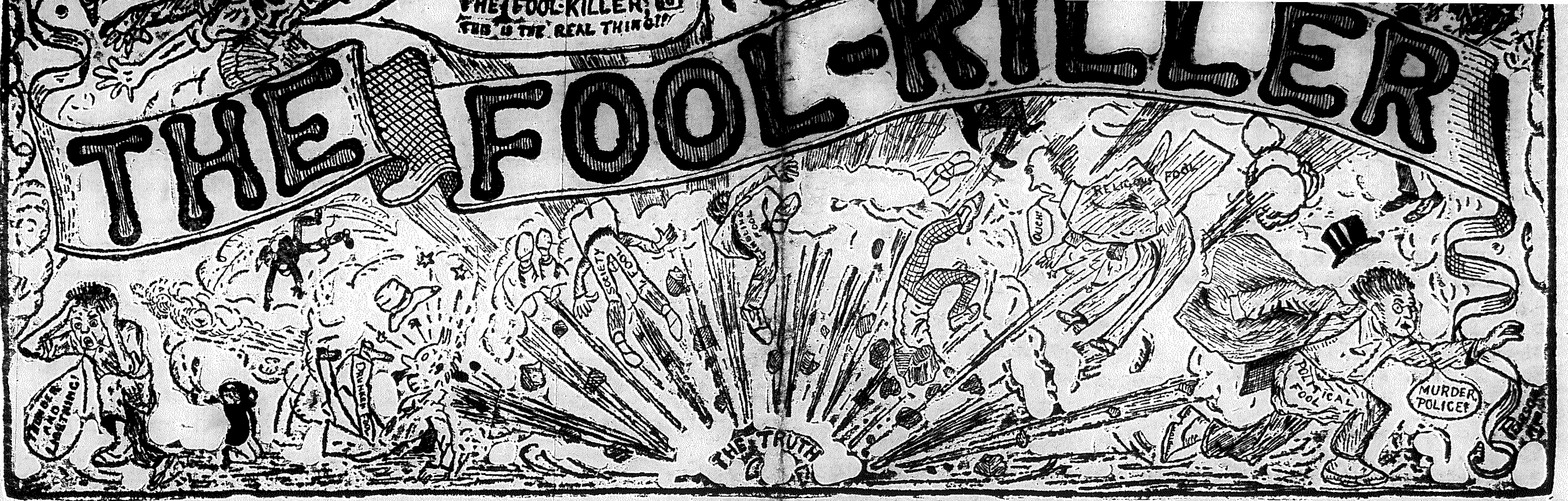
You will notice in the above quotation from Washburn that he uses the words, "the first Christian century." And now, just for curiosity, I would like to know how a "Christian century" would ever have got started if there had not been any Jesus Christ to start it from. He admits that the "first Christian century" was begun and finished, and then says that Jesus was invented some centuries later. I wonder why they didn't wait till he was invented to name a new

last, but still we git our male at Foolville. Our male has bin sorter lite ever sence I kin remember. We don't take no papers, an tha don't nobody ever rite 2 us. Along about the shank eend ov Jinnywary paw got word that tha wuz sum male at the offis fer him, so he spent a haff a day goin after it, an it wuz a copy ov Dr. Killem's Medikul Almyneck. We awl sot up till ten oclock that nite a readin ov it, an it shore wuz purty good reedin, 2.Me and paw air both ov the opinyun that Dr. Killem will go down in the pages ov Rithmatick az one ov our greatest poits.

Me an paw air mitey well pleased with the way President Hardtimes is startin out. It looks like he iz goin 2 do about az bad az Mister Wodenroller did, an that ort 2 sadisfy enny good Redemocan. Ov course them old Soshabuls will never be sadisfide nohow. Tha air allers a grumblin about sumpthin. Tha hav a fool noshun that it aint rite fer workin people 2 go hongry jes bekaze thar iz 2 much food, an necked bekaze thar iz 2 menny kloze. An tha even object 2 bein killed in war fer the benefit ov the millyunairs. Why, them Soshabuls air crazy az a bed-bug. You never hear tell ov good Redemocans raisin a fuss about sich little things az that.

I wuz afreed that President Hardtimes wuz goin 2 turn them old Soshabuls out ov jale an let them go around an destroy our happy homes, but now it seems that he will be sadisfide 2 turn out a few nice murderers if he kan find enny that Mister Woodenroller didnt turn out.

BILLY BONEHEAD.


THE FOOL-KILLER!
THE FOOL-KILLER!
THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
DRINKING FOOL
SOCIETY FOOL
THE TRUTH
OUCH!
RELIGIOUS FOOL
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER, POLICE!

Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, June, 1921. Number 4.

A Psalm of Hard Times.

Tell me not in hopeful ditties
That there are no idle men,
For the cry from all the cities
Proves you've lied and lied again.

Need is real! Men are earnest,
Hunting work the country through;
But the Cleveland time returnest,
And they find no work to do.

Not enjoyment—only sorrow
For poor families in distress;
Where they'll get a meal tomorrow
None would even dare to guess.

Debts are large, and cash is fleeting,
And our hearts, once light and gay,
Now like court-house bells are beating
For the sheriff's auction day.

"AMERICAN PRISONERS."

"The United States government refuses to have any dealings whatsoever with the present Russian government until all Americans now held prisoner are summarily released. No government in Russia can come even within hailing distance of the United States government, it was emphatically announced, until the prisoners are given their freedom."

The above is from a news story sent out by David Lawrence under a Washington date line. So it seems that Uucle Sam has got terribly interested all at once in having American prisoners turned loose. Well, he's got a mighty good chance to start the ball a-rolling right here in his own native land. He might begin by releasing Eugene Debs and a hundred or so of other political prisoners who are being kept in jail for the "crime" of trying to fol-

"DESTROY" vs. "PUT AWAY"

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.—I John 3:8.

Here we see that the Son of God is going to DESTROY all the works of the devil. That will include death and sin and every evil thing that we know, and if there were such a place as the orthodox hell it would include that, too.

We used to hear it called the "bad place," and if it is bad it certainly is one of the devil's jobs and is to be destroyed. And if all the works of the devil are destroyed it will remove every bad thing out of the whole universe. There could not be a "bad place," and there could not be any sinners to suffer in it, because as long as one sinner is still

istence, and that's the way the Son of God is going to destroy the devil and all his works.

That's what the Book says, and I'm fool enough to believe it. But all the big orthodox preachers come along and tell me the Bible has got it wrong. They say that sin and evil and all the works of the devil are going to exist right on and on, and that the Son of God never had any notion of doing what he said he was going to do.

I came across something in my reading the other day that was so funny I just had to bust out and laugh. I was reading a sermon on this very same text by one of the big Eternal Torment pop-guns, and I want to show you how he fixed it. He began by quoting the text, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might de-

Where they'll get a meal tomorrow
None would even dare to guess.

Debts are large, and cash is fleeting,
And our hearts, once light and gay,
Now like court-house bells are beating
For the sheriff's auction day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In this hot commercial hell,
Poor folks are a helpless chattel
That the rich may buy and sell.

Trust no plute, however winning
His fair promises may sound;
He'll be nice at the beginning
Just to get you gagged and bound.

Lives of rich men all remind us
That we poor men made it all—
Forging chains of wealth to bind us
While at Mammon's feet we crawl.

Crawling that perhaps another,
Who may vote a few years hence—
Some forlorn and soup fed brother—
Seeing us, shall learn some sense.

Uncle Sam has crawfished backwards until he is in the Leeg all but his head. But still he swears he is not in. A fool ostrich will hide its head in the sand and think it is all hid. Uncle Sam ought to have more sense than an ostrich.

ribly interested all at once in having American prisoners turned loose. Well, he's got a mighty good chance to start the ball a-rolling right here in his own native land. He might begin by releasing Eugene Debs and a hundred or so of other political prisoners who are being kept in jail for the "crime" of trying to follow in the footsteps of Jesus.

It seems to be an awful crime for Russia to hold a few American prisoners, but it is no crime at all for America to keep hundreds of her best citizens in jail without even the shadow of an excuse for doing so.

If America wants prisoners released, why in all creation don't she set the example? It sounds very inconsistent for the United States to be fussing about wanting other nations to turn prisoners loose, while such a great and good man as Debs is kept in jail here at home.

Does anybody suppose that the Russians do not know about Debs and our other political prisoners? Does anybody think they are too ignorant to see through our empty shams and pretensions?

No, sir, the Russians are not as big fools as some fools in this country seem to think they are. They can stand an American boycott just as long as America can, and perhaps longer. Uncle Sam is just cutting off his nose to spite his face. And he will find it out when too late.

"bad place," and if it is bad it certainly is one of the devil's jobs and is to be destroyed. And if all the works of the devil are destroyed it will remove every bad thing out of the whole universe. There could not be a "bad place," and there could not be any sinners to suffer in it, because as long as one sinner is still living in an orthodox hell there still remains some of the devil's works, and the Son of God would have to acknowledge that he had failed to do what he said he was going to do.

Have you got such little confidence in Jesus that you think he is going to fail in the main thing that he set out to do? If that's all you know about Jesus and his power to do things I am afraid you are a mighty poor Christian.

No, he is not going to fail. He is going to destroy all the works of the devil, AND WHEN HE SAYS DESTROY HE MEANS DESTROY—he does not mean sweeping them up in a corner and letting them lie there and stink throughout endless eternity. God does not do that sort of house-cleaning. When God sees something lying around in his way that he's got no use for—something that is ugly and repulsive and evil and never can be any benefit to anybody, he does not set aside one big section of his universe to hold all that useless junk. He just blots it out of ex-

my reading the other day that was so funny I just had to bust out and laugh. I was reading a sermon on this very same text by one of the big Eternal Torment pop-guns, and I want to show you how he fixed it. He began by quoting the text, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil," and after going through a great long rigamarole in which he tried his best to twist all the meaning out of the text, he wound up by saying, "And Satan himself will be banished—he will be PUT AWAY; every sinner will have been PUT AWAY."

Now don't that cap the stack? Bless my gizzard! PUT AWAY! The text does not say a word about putting anything away. It says all evil things will be DESTROYED. Imagine God saying to some of the angels, "Here, you angels, come and gather up all this nastiness that the devil has smeared over my universe. Pick up every scrap of filth and nastiness you can find and put it all away carefully in the basement, because I might need it sometime."

My sakes alive! It must take an awful lot of nerve to be an orthodox preacher and dispute God's word like that. It's a wonder to me that God don't thunder strike every one of them.

Tell your neighbor about this.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1921:

Editor, Managing Editor, Bus. Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Apr., 1921.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.

My commission expires 192

Better Right Than Popular.

It would be lots easier and lots more agreeable in some ways for me to just drift along with the

PARAGRAPHS.

Good morning! And have you studied Einstein yet?

How is your crop of cut-worms getting along this spring?

Now is the time to get on the Fool-Killer band-wagon. Swing on, boys—here we go!

Wonder if any bread and taters go along with that Nebraska poet laureateship?

The result of the election in Italy is not very pleasing to the plutes. Too Socialistic, I guess.

You can always tell a Redemocan by the way he votes for what he don't want.

The farmer is the fool that raises the grub that the speculators sell to Henry Dubb.

If you want to make a Republican's jaw fall, just ask him how he likes this great "prosperity."

Go without your cigars for half a day and subscribe for The Fool Killer. Nothing else like it on earth.

About eight million working people out of a job. Hurrah for Hardtimes prosperity!

Ask your preacher when the "immortal soul" gets into a baby. That will stump him again.

Well, honey, the world is still moving along, but it don't seem to have much idea where it is going.

Answering the "arguments" of people who believe in the immortality of the soul is sorter like trying to feed a man who hasn't got any mouth.

If people would quit trying so hard to get everything they want, and learn to be content with what they need, it would simplify matters a whole lot.

The only consolation I have when I think about what a fool Republican I used to be, is the fact that I never was fool enough to be a Democrat.

Now I guess you see that Republican promises are no better than Democratic promises. Nary one of them ain't worth the breath it takes to utter them.

After all he had said against it, President Hardtimes was ashamed to go into the Leeg face foremost. so he just milled himself around and backed into it.

If you expect me to get out those books any time soon, hurry and send in your pledges. One man has pledged to take ten copies of my "Complete Poems" and five copies of "Fool-Killer Fun." Surely you can take one of each.

The papers keep hinting that

The doctrine of an endless hell of torment for the wicked is such a sweet morsel that the preachers hate to give it up. Well, if it could just be arranged for those who want it so bad to have it, maybe they would get their belly full of it pretty soon and shut their fool mouths.

If the old orthodox theology is true, it seems that God must have a good deal of respect for the devil, else He wouldn't have given him such a responsible position. Kaze if the devil wasn't perfectly honest and reliable, God couldn't trust him to run hell properly. Did you ever think about that?

The wars that we have had and the wars that our military bosses hope to have are costing us more than ten times as much as all our other interests combined. Does anybody think that war is ten times more useful and pleasant than anything else? If not, then our Big Ikes are giving us a raw deal. What do you think about it?

Be sure to read the letter from Mr. H. L. Bee, Webster Springs, W. Va., which I am printing in this issue. Mr. Bee is one of my old time subscribers, and I remember him very well, but had not heard from him lately. Glad to have his confession. He speaks for eight or ten millions of other laboring people who voted for President Hardtimes and are now sick of it. A lot of them might not be honest enough to confess

My commission expires 192

Better Right Than Popular.

It would be lots easier and lots more agreeable in some ways for me to just drift along with the popular current of thought, and never do any independent thinking for myself. If I was just looking for an easy time, that is probably what I would do. Or if I was trying to make money, that is certainly what I would do. I could make ten times as much money by pandering to the old popular creeds as I can hope to make in the work I am doing. I could get a big salary as editor of some capitalist paper or magazine if I would just agree to stifle my conscience and write to suit them.

But that is not my way of doing. My plan is to be true to myself and the truth as I see it, no matter if every other person on earth disagrees with me. It isn't at all pleasant sometimes to have to go against the opinions of the high authorities and those who are supposed to know everything. But when I see and know that the "high authorities" are all WRONG, I am just fool enough to speak right up and tell 'em so. That's why it is necessary for me to tramp on the toes of the orthodox preachers and tell them that they are dishonoring God and preaching to please the devil.

people out of a job. Hurrah for Hardtimes prosperity!

Ask your preacher when the "immortal soul" gets into a baby. That will stump him again.

If the sun-spots are causing all this trouble, why don't some of our government experts climb up and fix the sun?

If America is a "Christian nation," will somebody please tell me what a heathen nation would look like?

If the orthodox preachers knew half as much as they think they do, Solomon would be a back number.

Now that Einstein has done away with Newton's law of gravitation, we are all liable to fall plum off the earth. Better grab a bush.

You mustn't expect me to reel off a chapter of fool talk about every fool thing that happens in the world. A lot of it is not worth wasting my breath over.

Hurry and send in your pledge for "Pearson's Poems" and also "Fool-Killer Fun." A good many have already pledged, but not enough yet to pay the cost of getting out the books. Rush in your pledges. Don't delay.

and send in your pledges. One man has pledged to take ten copies of my "Complete Poems" and five copies of "Fool-Killer Fun." Surely you can take one of each.

The papers keep hinting that Debs is GOING to be released, but at this writing it has not been done. Just some more capitalistic "stalling." It doesn't fool anybody. I will believe that Debs is GOING to be turned out when I know that he is already out, and not before.

I had been thinking that "President Hardtimes" was my very own original expresson, but I find that others are using it who could not have gotten it from me. In fact, the burlesque is so timely and so obvious that most anybody might think of it. And you know great minds often run in the same channel, anyhow.

Yes, fellers, I know times are hard and money scarce, but that's all the more reason why you need to subscribe for The Fool-Killer. It don't cost much, and it's better than the costly papers. It will tell you WHY the conditions are so bad, and the only way they will ever be any better. We have just been lied to by the preachers and politicians, and we have simply got to quit believing their lies.

not heard from him lately. Glad to have his confession. He speaks for eight or ten millions of other laboring people who voted for President Hardtimes and are now sick of it. A lot of them might not be honest enough to confess their sins like he does, but they are all feeling that way about it.

I have tried to get the preachers to tell me how big an "immortal soul" is, but they don't seem to know. Some claim that a million of them could stand on the point of a needle, and others think it might take a thimble to hold one. It would be hard to decide which is the smaller—an immortal soul or the brain of the man who believes there is such a thing.

The statesmen and diplomats of Europe are certainly getting things into a mess. Every move they make trying to get out of the quicksand only sinks them in deeper, and they remind me of a gang of flies on a sheet of tanglefoot. The only nation that seems to know what it wants and how to get it is Russia—the same Russia that has been "falling" (in the newspapers) every day for three years. The world will yet have to take off its hat to Soviet Russia. There isn't one bit of doubt about that. Remember what I tell you.

GUESS AGAIN.

One thing is certain—the old dry-rotted creeds and the old stand-pat theologies have got to go. The events that are due to come in the end of this Age (the "end of time" as the creeds call it) will not be anything at all like what the people have supposed. They have had it all mapped out, even to the smallest detail, and they are going to find that the actual events will hardly resemble their map anywhere at all. Their outline of the events was all wrong and their creeds are all wrong. They are looking for a certain series of events that will fit their creeds, and they will never see it. It will all be as different from what the orthodox folks are looking for as day is different from night. And that's why they are so befuddled about the things that are happening now. The old line preachers and teachers are all at sea concerning the momentous events of these days. They see that a great crisis of some sort has arrived, and they see that it isn't like anything they have taught the people to expect. In their hearts they know they have been wrong, but they are too stubborn to admit it.

I heard a Republican say the other day that "Harding has a strong cabinet." Yes, I had been noticing that awful smell myself.

The term "100 per cent American" was very popular until it

THE ANGLO-ISRAEL THEORY

Whether or not we accept the Anglo-Israel theory as true, there is at least one thing in connection with it that is worthy of serious consideration. And the thing I am now going to mention is a thing I have never seen mentioned in print before. In fact, I don't know whether anybody else has ever thought about it or not.

The Anglo-Israel theory asserts that the English-speaking people are the Lost Tribes of Israel. In in other words, the pure English stock is pure Hebrew without knowing it. God had a wise purpose in letting the Lost Tribes of Israel get lost, and he has allowed them to remain lost through many generations, so that they would not know who they were nor where they came from. But it is supposed that God intends sometime to show the lost Israelites (who now call themselves English) that they are really of the old Hebrew stock— probably the descendants of Ephriam and Manasseh.

And now here's what I wanted to contribute to the discussion. It has to do with these common every-day names that we call people in this country. Did you ever stop to consider that the common Christian names that are most used in English-speaking countries are the very same names that were used by the Hebrews in Bible times? For instance, they had Abraham,

CLUB RATES

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The price of single subs to The Fool-Killer is FORTY CENTS a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of Four or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 25 cents a year each.

At the very low price we make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it, too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them.

The Fool-Killer is now about 11 years old. It has a large circulation in every state in the Union, and it also goes to several foreign countries. It has long ago passed the experimental stage and has become an established institution. Over 40,000 people are eagerly waiting for its arrival each month.

Send remittance by registered letter, express or postoffice money order, and make all orders payable to:

The Fool-Killer, Boomer, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

I heard a Republican say the other day that "Harding has a strong cabinet." Yes, I had been noticing that awful smell myself.

The term "100 per cent American" was very popular until it was discovered that it meant American plutes who were making 100 per cent profit on what they sold to the poor.

Speaking of the island of Yap, one plute paper says: "It is generally agreed that the tiny isle is a commercial and naval asset that may bulk large in the future." Yes, "commercial" and "naval" assets are all they can think about. Hang-take it, ain't there any "human" assets to be considered?

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

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ever stop to consider that the common Christian names that are most used in English-speaking countries are the very same names that were used by the Hebrews in Bible times? For instance, they had Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Benjamin, Levi, Stephen, John, James, Peter, Matthew, Mark, Luke, Paul, Silas, Thomas, etc., among the names of men; and for their women they had such names as Sarah, Elizabeth, Rachel, Mary, Martha, and many other familiar feminine names. Now I want to call your attention to the fact that we find all of these names very much used among our English-speaking people; but they are not used to any extent by any other race of people. Take the French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Japs, Chinese, and all the other races of earth, and you will not find the familar Bible names used among them. If they ever appear it is very seldom, and then it is due to some English association or influence.

Now can you explain why it is that the English, and the English only, have inherited the old Bible names? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that these family names have come down to us by direct inheritance from our Hebrew ancestors? If not, how did we happen to be the only people on earth to take them up and use them? Can anybody throw some light on it?

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is nearly ten years old, and getting older every month.

It preaches the truth so straight that each issue brings hundreds of old moss-backs and blind leaders of the blind to the mourner's bench in a trot.

It "gits 'em goin' an' comin'."

It retails at 40 cents a year, or 25 cents in clubs of four or more, and circulates all over the Benighted States.

If you don't like it, there is no law to make you take it.

If you do like it, you are hereby invited to subscribe and get-up a club.

I want 50,000 new subscribers to this paper inside of the next six months, and so I do.

The Fool-Killer don't crawl behind a tree to talk.

It don't bust its crupper holding back to see what somebody else is going to say.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is death to fools, rascals and hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer always tries to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

Tote this paper around in your pocket—when you go to church, the postoffice, the store, the mill, or wherever you go—and show it to everybody you see.

Ask them if they would like to sop their mental flap-jacks in my editorial molasses for awhile.

Be a missionary for this good cause.

If you can use a few sample copies, just send a wireless postal card.

Set a resolution to send in one club every month, at least.

I want 1,000 agents who will agree to do that much.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BOOMER, N. C.

A SERMON ON SICKNESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.
Dear Friends:

I am sending you a prescription for that disease, Bronchitis. It cured me twenty years ago. Fill it out and keep it on hand. On the very start commence taking it and it will relieve a hard case.

By the way, I am an invalid, and I am writing to you for information. I saw in The Fool-Killer an item about Prof. J. H. Allen, S. T., of Chamois, Mo., but I don't understand his system of treatment. We have Allopathie, Homeopathic, Eclectic, Electric, Botanic, Osteopathic, Chiropractic, Christian Science, Indian Doctors, Faith Cures, etc., and they all claim to cure. But like so many different religions, they all condemn each other to a certain extent.

Of course if this man can cure a case, I would like to try his treatment. I wrote him about his syetem. He didn't tell me how, but he wanted me to send him $7.00 and he was going to make a new man of me. What beats me is, if he is such a great doctor, I don't see why he doesn't locate in a larger town where he would have more advantages I am not denouncing the man. I only hope he can do some great cures. What a boon to suffering humanity it would be!

I am not going to bore you folks with a long letter, but I have great sympathy for anyone that is sick. My dear wife died eleven years ago, and she was sick for ten years before she died, and I have been a victim of Neurasthenia and other complicated diseases for 15 or 16 years. It has cost me a little fortune for sickness.

Reply by Mrs. Cora Pearson.

Dear Sir:

because we do not feel pain when unconscious in sleep. The mind is the great central telegraph station of the nervous system, and the network of nerves leading from the brain all over the body is the system of "wires" over which every sensation of thought or feeling travels over the body, like messages from a telegraph station over a system of literal telegraph wires. Every thought of your mind makes this circuit, and the influence on the body is according to the impression of the thought in your mind.

Science says that every one of the millions of cells of the body has a mind of its own, so each one is a sort of receiving station for the messages sent from the central office, the brain. This mind is called the Sub-Conscious Mind—the Nature referred to above—and never goes to sleep, and is the force in us that moulds and shapes, tears down or builds up, according as it receives instructions from headquarters. For, "As a man thinketh, so is he."

Now don't you see the "point" of Mr. Allen's method? His business is just to tell you how to LET that force within you carry out a work of healing and building up the body, in place of the work of destruction which has been going on heretofore. In addition to telling you how to use YOUR mind in this work of healing, he also at regular intervals sends out mental telepathic mes-

nervous syetem, and it also proves that Mr. Allen's method is the only one that could have much effect in your case. Neurasthenia comes from the root-word Neuro, meaning nerve, and any affection of the nervous system especially needs the assistance of the main nerve-center of the body, the brain. Can't you see?

Mr. Allen's system of treating disease is known as Suggesto-Therapy—or plain Suggestion if you prefer—and if his instructions are faithfully followed they will be worth more to any sick person than all the drug-stores in the world. If you want to get well, just quit studying disease and begin to study health, and the man who can teach you how to do this is Prof. J. H. Allen, of Chamois, Mo.

This is not a "paid advertisement"—I am writing it for your own understanding, and for any others who might want to write us for such information.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

Hardtimes is a Honey, and Mr. Bee Has Found It Out.

Webster Springs, W. Va.

Mr. J. L. Pearson, Editor,
The Fool-Killer.
Dear Sir:

Well, Jim, it has been some time since I read The Fool-Killer. You may have forgotten me, but

on them and turn with a crank. Lots of us farmers are going to trade our Tin Lizzies for one.

My father was a Republican, my grandfather was a Republican, all my brothers were Republicans, and I hadn't any more sense than they had till I voted last election. I felt I was doing wrong when I did it. Now this may make some Democrat feel good to hear me talk this way, but I can't help them any. I am asking you for the truth and the way to the right, and I can't take any old rotten politician's word any more. Me and Ezra Shanks and Dave Mullins and Dan Simmons and Sol Spoopendike and Isaac Pellinger pledge ourselves to follow the advice of The Fool-Killer hereafter.

Now, Jim, when you fix up them papers next time send me one, and I will not go fishing next Sunday, but will lie in the shade of the corn crib and read and laugh. I will write you again soon if times get any harder up here.

Yours repentantly,
H. L. BEE.

(Yes sir, Mr. Bee, I remember you from away back, and I also remember the incident about the poem and the Echo. We shore did drag that feller, didn't we? Seems sorter like Del Gillespie had a hand in it, too, didn't he? The last time I heard from Del he was in Philadelphia, and I'm afraid I have lost him again. Well, we are still alive, anyhow, and that's something to be thankful for. I she died, and I have been a victim of Neurasthenia and other complicated diseases for 15 or 16 years. It has cost me a little fortune for sickness.

Reply by Mrs. Cora Pearson.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of the 20th, will say that when you understand Mr. Allen's method, I think you will find no fault with the method. He does not work the cure himself, but just tells you how to let Nature do the curing. No cure can be wrought by any other agency than by Nature, whether you take medicine or the treatments of the different systems you mention. No medicine ever cured anything—even if it helped, it only made conditions easier for Nature to do the curing. The fact that you say the prescription cured you of Bronchitis 20 years ago and you are now an invalid, proves that you were not cured. Very probably your bronchial symptoms were relieved, but the CAUSE of those symptoms still remained. A toxemic state of the body from indigestion, imperfect elimination of waste, etc., is the CAUSE of the different forms of disease. The main cause or root affects the weakest points of the body, of course.

Now Mr. Allen's method is based on the scientific fact that mind has power over matter. You would never know you had a pain if you didn't have a mind, ing up the body, in place of the work of destruction which has been going on heretofore. In addition to telling you how to use YOUR mind in this work of healing, he also at regular intervals sends out mental telepathic messages to his patients. This is based on the claim of science that thoughts sent out from the brain travel by waves through the air for long distances. We are not able to dispute this fact, especially in the face of the wonders of our modern "wireless" inventions. And for his services he has a perfect right to a fee, for even preachers who give their time to preaching a "free gospel" are expected to get "pay."

Medical doctors often charge for one visit as much as Mr. Allen charges for a month's treatment; and he can do you more good in a month, if you follow his instructions to the letter and in the spirit, than they can in a lifetime with their drugs.

As Mr. Allen says, sick people are waiting for some one to bring them health corked up in a bottle or wrapped in a pill box, but health does not come that way. Few people are willing to give up the old bad habits of living that caused the sickness, and until that is done there is no curing of the sickness. The fact that you have Neurasthenia proves that you have let you mind send destructive messages over your

Webster Springs, W. Va.

Mr. J. L. Pearson, Editor,
The Fool-Killer.

Dear Sir:

Well, Jim, it has been some time since I read The Fool-Killer. You may have forgotten me, but if you remember away back yonder when you printed that poem about Woodenroller's "Psycological Panic," and I slipped up on the editor of the Webster Echo with it. O yes, you remember it, I know, for you came back at him with a whole column in your blessed paper which points men to the path of right and leads them not into temptation, but delivers them from starvation, if they will look on its pages and believe its truthful words.

Say, Jim, I want to confess my sins. It does me good to repent. After that war I was so scared I would have voted for a yaller dog if he would promise me something good. So just to my hand it came. As one rising from the grave there appeared unto us Warren G. Hardtimes saying, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." Well, he did it, all right—but there's a lot of us who are tired of resting now, and we would like to have a chance to go to work again. When I think how I voted for this I slip off into the woods and pound my head against an old rotten tree. I am going to get the Schnapps Tobacco Company to send me one of their kicking machines. They have boots

Seems sorter like Del Gillespie had a hand in it, too, didn't he? The last time I heard from Del he was in Philadelphia, and I'm afraid I have lost him again. Well, we are still alive, anyhow, and that's something to be thankful for. I guess several million others are feeling the same way you do about the sins of last November, but they won't all be as honest as you are and confess it.—Pearson.)

Don't forget about sending in your pledge for my books.

J. H. ALLEN, S. T.,
Chamois, Mo.
Cures All Diseases, Present or Absent, Without Drugs, Cures in Twelve States.
Send Stamp for Testimonials.

Note:—I believe Prof. Allen's method to be safe, sane and scientific, and can testify that I am now being greatly benefitted by his treatments.—Mrs. Cora Pearson.

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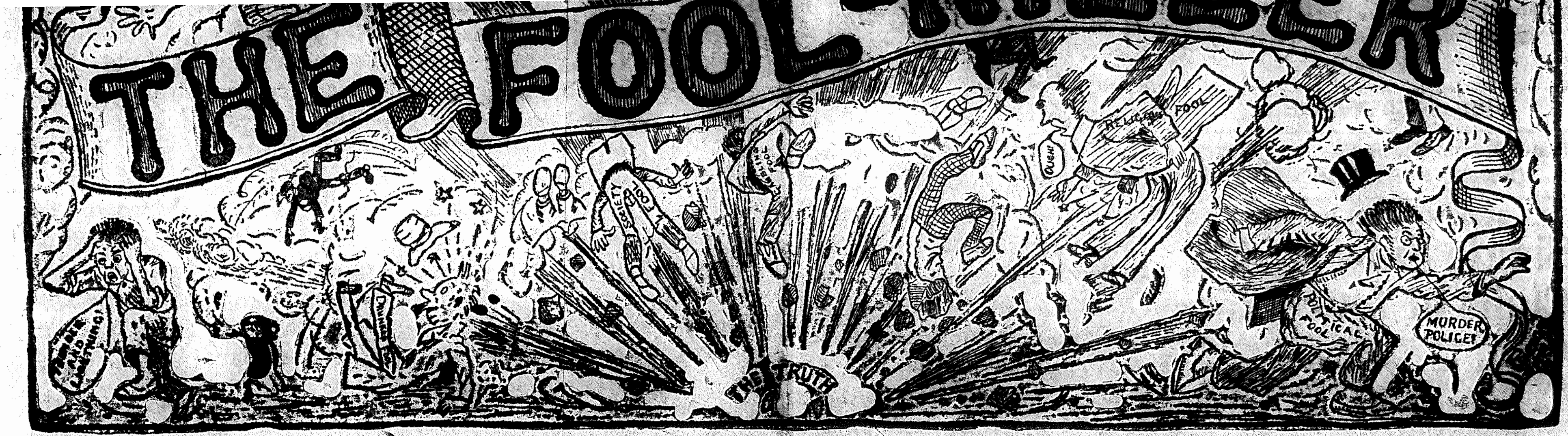

Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, July, 1921. Number 5.

BIRTH-PANGS.

Let me call your attention once more to the fact that we are now witnessing the birth of a New Age. And let me remind you again that a BIRTH is nearly always accompanied by suffering and blood. You don't have to be told that this is true in the case of human and animal births, but perhaps you never stopped to consider that the same rule operates on a larger scale in the birth of nations and dispensations. But it is true just the same.

You know the Bible says that when the great time of trouble comes upon the world it will be like the pains upon a woman in child-birth.

Well, how is that?

Just one spasm and all done?

No—it is a series of pains or spasms, with short periods of comparative ease in between. The later pains are apt to be

All right—I guess they see now who it was that didn't know anything.

Never mind—when the last birth-pang is ended and the New Age is really born, you will not need "patriotic" orators to tell you about it. You will just know it without telling. There will be some signs too plain to be misunderstood. One of them will be REAL DISARMAMENT and a different class of men at the head of all governments—men who have the Christ-spirit in them instead of the devil-spirit that now prevails everywhere.

The Golden Age is now BEING BORN—the pains are on—the blood is flowing—but the birth is not finished yet.

"THE NEXT WAR."

It would be highly interesting to go back and read what the papers said just following the

You remember how we held up our hands in holy horror when Germany began using poison gas. We thought that was utterly inhuman and we all agreed that it placed Germany plum outside the bounds of civilization. She was the outlaw of nations.

But now look!

To-day we see every nation (including our own) just tearing its shirt to invent a still more deadly poison gas than the Germans ever dreamed of. We want it to use in the "next war," you know. And we are now pleasantly informed that our own American chemists have compounded a new poison gas so deadly that a whole city can be depopulated in a few minutes. We are proud of this great achievement, and we are guarding the secret so that some other nation cannot get hold of it and use it against us. Probably we can have the

A SERMON ON "INSURANCE"

They tell us that great armament—great preparedness for war—is an insurance against war.

And so they are piling it on.

Out of every dollar of government funds collected, 93 cents must go to pay for war, past, present or future.

These are the official figures.

Insurance!

Great howling tom cats!

Germany had that same sort of "insurance" against war, and now didn't it prevent war in her case?

Now DIDN'T it?

If you want to find out how big armies are an "insurance" against war, just go and ask Germany. She knows.

It wouldn't be quite so bad to pay 93 per cent of our government funds for that sort of insurance against war if it would insure against war.

operates on a larger scale in the birth of nations and dispensations. But it is true just the same.

You know the Bible says that when the great time of trouble comes upon the world it will be like the pains upon a woman in child-birth.

Well, how is that?

Just one spasm and all done?

No—it is a series of pains or spasms, with short periods of comparative ease in between. The later pains are apt to be more severe than the first ones, and also closer together.

The Great War was only the first birth-pain of the Golden Age. There must be others. Just how many I don't know. And just how much more blood will have to flow nobody can tell. But the remaining pains will be quick and sharp, and the time cannot be very long. The next spasm is now coming in sight.

On the day that the first spasm ended I heard some big "patriotic" orators get up and make big flowery speeches. One of them said it was the greatest day since the birth of Christ. He said the world's troubles were all ended and we were going to have a man-made heaven from that day onward.

But I said, "Hold on!—you are a little too fast! The trouble is not over yet."

But they laughed at me and said, "Oh, Pearson, you are an old pessimist—you don't know anything!"

of all governments' men who have the Christ-spirit in them instead of the devil-spirit that now prevails everywhere.

The Golden Age is now BEING BORN—the pains are on—the blood is flowing—but the birth is not finished yet.

"THE NEXT WAR."

It would be highly interesting to go back and read what the papers said just following the Armistice, and then compare it with what they are saying now.

At that time it was "glorious and everlasting peace '—the last great war was ended, and there never would be another war in the world. From then on it would be endless ages of perfect peace and harmony among the nations. Oh, what a beautiful picture they did draw!

But now pick up your newspaper today and see how glibly it rattles on about "the next war"—just as if it was all settled that we are to have another one right away.

And it is.

The big blood-thirsty bosses have got all of the general plans laid and are now arranging the details as fast as possible.

Yes, honey, the present indications all point to another great world war. It will probably start in less than a year from now, and it promises to be a much more savage and brutal affair than the recent one.

mans ever dreamed of. We want it to use in the "next war," you know. And we are now pleasantly informed that our own American chemists have compounded a new poison gas so deadly that a whole city can be depopulated in a few minutes. We are proud of this great achievement, and we are guarding the secret so that some other nation cannot get hold of it and use it against us. Probably we can have the honor of being the "Huns" in the "next war."

Isn't that a nice picture to contemplate? I'll say it is. But we are driving straight into it just as fast as time can move.

Fool-Killer Stuff Translated.

One of my articles in the February Fool-Killer—the one called "How Do Ages End?"—was translated into the Italian language and printed in a paper in Italy. A friend in Italy sent me a copy and I had the novel experience of not being able to read my own writing. Guess I will have to take up the study of foreign languages, now that my writing has become important enough to be translated.

What Harvey said was not the truth exactly, but it was a doggon sight nearer the truth than what his critics have said. If Harvey had been bold enough to tell the whole truth he would have stirred up a stink for shore-certain.

"insurance" against war, and now didn't it prevent war in her case?

Now DIDN'T it?

If you want to find out how big armies are an "insurance" against war, just go and ask Germany. She knows.

It wouldn't be quite so bad to pay 93 per cent of our government funds for that sort of insurance against war if it would insure against war.

But it won't.

That's the thunder of it.

We pay our money for insurance to keep us out of war, and then we wade right in anyhow. Our insurance hastens the very thing it is supposed to prevent.

Just imagine a man running a business and paying 93 per cent of all he made for insurance on his business—and then not getting any insurance after he paid for it!

Wouldn't that be a poor business policy? You would say that such a man was a plum fool, and that would be the truth.

Well, Uncle Sam is right now running his business in just that sort of a manner.

Insurance!

Aw. yer foot!

Harding's use of the English language reminds me of an old cow trying to play a fiddle.

Uncle Henry 4d is still having jeeminy fits about the Jews. He might as well be shoveling wind off of a barn with a pitchfork.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for April, 1921:

Editor, Managing Editor, Bus. Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Apr., 1921.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.
My commission expires 192

DID YOU EVER THINK ANY?

"THE THINKING PART."

A certain editor, on being asked what he thought about part of a person leaving the body and remaining alive after death, made this reply:

"The thinking part goes where the thinking part came from, and for convenience we call it heaven."

The thinking part!

And now will somebody please tell me what the thinking part is? And where does the thinking part come from in the first place?

We all know that the thinking part is the brain. In other words, the brain is the organ of thought and the center of all our thinking operations.

Does a baby's brain come down from heaven and get into its head when it is born?

Does a man's brain leave his head when he dies and go off somewhere else?

If the doctor would cut open the skull of a dead man would he find it empty?

That seems to be the argument of those who say that the "thinking part" leaves the body at death and goes away to some other place to live.

That theory makes the soul and the brain the same thing. It is plain to be seen that the editor quoted above thought he was talking about the alleged immortal soul, and he called it the "thinking part." And since it is the brain that does the thinking, then

alive and continue to think after the body dies?

In other words, have animals and fowls got immortal souls?

How are you going to draw the line between the thinking part of a man and the thinking part of a beast?

If one is immortal the other is, too.

TAKE YOUR ORDERS.

It seems sorter curious when you stop to think about what folks are allowed to believe in this country.

You know there is an old joke which says this is a free country and we can believe what we please. But nobody takes that seriously any more. We know it is not true. If it ever was true that time has passed.

Theologically speaking, people are permitted to believe what the orthodox preachers tell them to believe—that and nothing else. If ever a man dares to hold some other religious view he is a dangerous heretic and must be frowned upon and silenced if possible.

You can only have religious liberty under certain conditions and within certain limitations. If you will agree to believe that the soul is immortal—that people are still alive after they are dead—and that the wicked will be tormented eternally, then you can believe pretty much as you

and they insist on holding to the truth in the face of the whole world's ridicule. That makes them dangerous and undesirable citizens in the eyes of the clergy-ridden press. So you will never see or hear anything good said about the Adventists or the Russellites.

And yet these two outcast groups are about the only people who do have the truth on these subjects. Strange how unpopular the truth is in this so-called "Christian" land!

EUROPE'S DEBTS.

In an article entitled "The Debts of the Allies" The New Republic of June 8th, discussed the ten billion dollars that the Allies owe to the United States, and says:

"The ability of the Allies to pay either interest or principal is practically dependent on the collection of the German indemnity."

That is a poor come-off.

The Allies boast of having won the war.

They boast of having defeated Germany.

But still they claim that Germany is able to pay a big indemnity, while they– the victors—are not able to pay anything.

Germany, defeated and humiliated, is supposed to go to work and PRODUCE something to pay with.

But the victorious Allies are

Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Apr., 1921.

Mattie F. Greer, P.M.

My commission expires 192

DID YOU EVER THINK ANY?

There are so many things that need to be discussed that it is impossible for The Fool-Killer to talk about them all in one issue.

So it has to sorter take them up turn about, like going to mill. You may have noticed that some issues deal mainly with politics, while others are devoted chiefly to theological questions.

The main object of this paper when it was started eleven years ago was to kick up its heels and act the fool to make folks laugh. But you see a good many things have happened since that, and now its purpose is to make people think and reason for themselves about the important problems of life. Of course if I happen to drop in something sorter funny you may laugh at it all you like, but you mustn't lose sight of my main purpose, which is to make you THINK.

Now hunt up all the people you know that need something of this sort and get them to subscribe.

The Northern Baptists are about to split over the hell question. One group don't want any hell, and the other group is giving 'em some anyhow.

That theory makes the soul and the brain the same thing. It is plain to be seen that the editor quoted above thought he was talking about the alleged immortal soul, and he called it the "thinking part." And since it is the brain that does the thinking, then the brain must be the soul.

Now isn't it a fact that the brain is a part of the physical body?

And isn't it a fact that when the body dies the brain dies with it?

And if the brain dies, isn't the "thinking part" dead?

Then why do they say that the thinking part remains alive and still knows everything?

A horse has a thinking part.

So has a dog.

And every other animal.

A horse thinks about dinner time, and he knows what to do with his dinner when he gets it. If a stranger approaches, he knows the difference between the stranger and the keeper he is used to. A horse or a dog can be educated to do lots of wonderful things that require thinking.

I once tried to watch a setting hen go to her nest that she had hid out in the woods. She knew what I was doing, and she had sense enough not to go to that nest while I was watching. That required some sharp thinking, and so I know that a hen also has a "thinking part."

Now tell me this:

Does the thinking part of a horse, a dog or a chicken remain

liberty under certain conditions and within certain limitations. If you will agree to believe that the soul is immortal—that people are still alive after they are dead—and that the wicked will be tormented eternally, then you can believe pretty much as you please about other things. Those two points of doctrine seem to furnish the passport into the good graces of our religious censors.

I follow all the denominations pretty closely, and I take note of which ones are favorably mentioned in the big papers and magazines. Not that the secular press has any religious convictions of its own; but that portion of the press which wants to be considered "safe and sane" is absolutely dominated by the orthodox clergy. And I have never known it to fail that any sect or denomination that gets boosted by this "safe and sane" press turns out to be one that believes in the immortal soul and eternal torment. Even the Dowieites are getting to be pretty respectable because they stress those two points. The Adventists and the Russellites on the other hand, are never mentioned except in terms of scorn and ridicule.

Why?

Because they deny the devil's lie. They refuse to get tangled up in that old fog of tradition about the soul being immortal and about the eternal torment of the wicked. They have the everlasting TRUTH on these subjects

many is able to pay a big indemnity, while they— the victors—are not able to pay anything.

Germany, defeated and humiliated, is supposed to go to work and PRODUCE something to pay with.

But the victorious Allies are not capable of PRODUCING anything at all. The only chance for them to pay THEIR debts is to squeeze the money out of Germany and pass it on.

If I was in the Allies' place I would be ashamed to admit that my victory had left me less able to pay my debts than Germany's defeat left her:

According to that, it pays to be defeated.

What did the Allies win, anyhow?

Bankruptcy?

It looks like it.

The preacher crop seems to have got frost-bit last spring. Anyhow, the preacher factories are complaining that they can't get any raw material. Raw is the word. What they do get is VERY raw; and it is still raw when they send it out. What it takes to cook these raw preachers is a few doses of The Fool-Killer.

Ex-Governor Biscuit, of North Carolina, is now going around preaching the very same sort of "pacifist" doctrine that landed Gene Debs in prison. Now why isn't Mister Biscuit sent to jail?

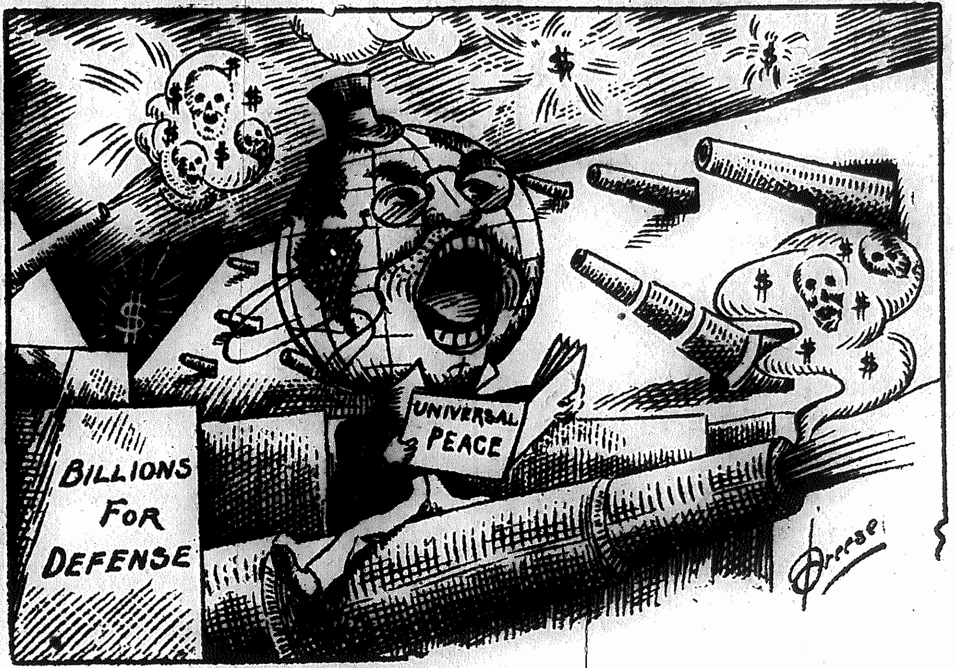
NOW IT CAN BE SAID.

Ex-Gov. Bickett, of North Carolina, delivered the commencement address at the University of South Carolina a few weeks ago, and in the course of his address the former governor said this:

"To-day the whole world has through agony and bloody sweat been driven to the conviction that the great command, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is as binding on the conscience of a nation as on that of an individual."

Eugene Debs is in jail to-day for preaching that very same doctrine. While the war was going on our "patriots" had no use for that doctrine. They said it was pro-German and dangerous. This same Bickett ranted around over the State making "patriotic" speeches and urging the people to kill, kill, kill. The great command, "Thou shalt not kill," had not yet become binding on his concience. He sanctioned the imprisonment of Debs for saying the very same thing that he himself says now.

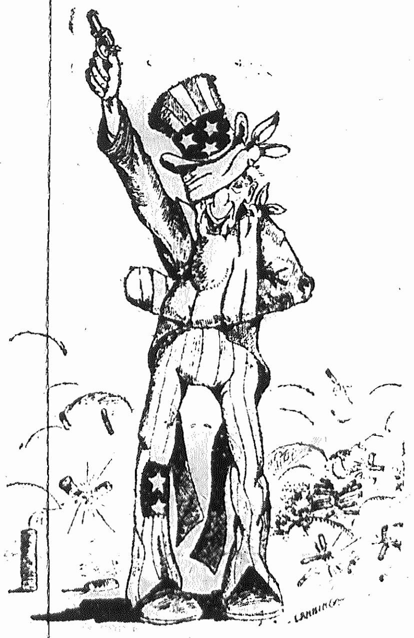
Why can our ex-governor tell the truth now? Because it is safe to do so. But Eugene Debs dared to tell the truth when it was dangerous. All honor to such a man! They all see now that he was right, and some of them are beginning to admit it. The time will come when Eugene Debs will



A $500,000,000 Naval Appropriation Bill has just been passed, with a tail to it recommending DISARMAMENT! Let's laugh.

"FREE AMERICA."

Thrones have been crumbling ever since the American Declaration of Independence was flung out to the world, and especially since religious liberty as a principle of government with its correlative, separation of church and state, has been so successfully demonstrated as wise and feasible in the American commonwealth. Liberty has enlightened Europe. Perhaps immigration and emigration have done more than anything else to disintegrate hoary heresies in the old world. America has given the whole world a colossal demonstratian of the feasibility and value of free democratic institutions. Light



SLIGHTLY DISFIGURED—

DOGGEREL AND CATTERAL.

Dear Editor:—I send you here
A poem I have written
About the little ugly dog
That bit the pretty kitten.
The kitten died and never knew
That it was ever bitten;
And now the poem's long enough,
And so it's time for quittin'.

IDIOTORIALS.

Hot words are like hot mush—it is easier to spit them out than it is to swallow them.

You must take your choice between being right and being popular—it is very seldom that you can be both at once.

The reason so many people can't get hold of any money along now is because there is too much money in the country.

Seems mighty strange to me that England and Japan have to tie themselves together with a grapevine and all that Leeg in operation too.

The reason the shoemaker has to go barefooted is because he has made too many shoes. He has glutted the shoe market, and his boss tells him to quit making shoes. That cuts off his salary, so that he has no money to buy the shoes he has been making for the boss. Poor old fool! If he owned his job he could make shoes for himself and wear them.

I have received another mighty

to do so. But Eugene Debs dared to tell the truth when it was dangerous. All honor to such a man! They all see now that he was right, and some of them are beginning to admit it. The time will come when Eugene Debs will be recognized as the bravest and truest man in America.

J. H. ALLEN, S. T.,
Chamois, Mo.
Cures All Diseases, Present or Absent, Without Drugs, Cures in Twelve States.
Send Stamp for Testimonials.
Note:—I believe Prof. Allen's method to be safe, sane and scientific, and can testify that I am now being greatly benefitted by his treatments.—Mrs. Cora Pearson.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

and emigration have done more than anything else to disintegrate hoary heresies in the old world. America has given the whole world a colossal demonstratian of the feasibility and value of free democratic institutions. Light and darkness cannot live togather, and the ends of the earth are seeing the light of America's demonstration.—J. B. Gambrell in Southwestern Journal of Theology.

Yes-sir-ee-bob!

We are showin' 'em how!

This is "free America," by jings!

This is the glorious land in which Eugene Debs and two or three hundred other good peaceable folks are in prison for their opinions nearly three years after the war ended!

In old monarchial Europe where they don't know anything about Liberty, their political prisoners have all been turned loose!

That is the sort of a "demonstration" that "free America" is giving the world!

Ain't it something to brag about?

Free America?
The Land of Liberty?
You're doggon right!
Now go and tell it to Debs!

A $500,000,000 naval appropriation with a "disarmament" tail to it reminds me of the devil with a hymn book under his arm.

SLIGHTLY DISFIGURED—
But Still Acting the Fool.

High Society

High Society is an ugly sore on the hind leg of civilization.

High Society is a hole burnt in the blanket of respectability.

High Society is a dead fly in the soup of decency.

High Society is the smell that arises from rotten riches.

High Society is the ashes of burnt-out usefulness.

High Society is a bag of soured wind tied up with a golden string.

High Society is the lazy dog that sucks the eggs of Industry.

High Society is what's left when Common Sense gets aplenty.

High Society is the poison fruit that grows on the tree of Idleness.

High Society is a colection of fine clothes stuffed with cheap fertilizer material.

High Society is the remainder after you subtract nothing from nothing.

High Society is the piece that Curiosity bit off of the tail of Scandal.

that he has no money to buy the shoes he has been making for the boss. Poor old fool! If he owned his job he could make shoes for himself and wear them.

I have received another mighty good letter from my old friend, H. L. Bee, but I am afraid to print it for fear it will be classed as "advertising" and a high rate of postage demanded.

I hope all the Republicans will soon have their bellies full of this "prosperity." Yum-yum, fellers, ain't it good?

At the present rate of increase in war appropriations, how long will it take us to disarm? Now don't bust your gallus trying to answer.

The preachers have been trying to "save the world" for nearly two thousand years, and honestly it gets meaner every day. I think our religious chauffers have accidentally got their foot on the backing pedal, anyhow.

CLUB RATES

I have had to omit my "Club Rates" announcement and my standing speil headed "Let's Talk It Over," because they were classed as "advertising." Don't that beat bobtail? But I want you to send in the clubs just the same. See rates on page 2, column 1.

A SERMON ON "BUSINESS."

But in spite of the wobblety-wob-ness of Ford's paper on the Jewish question, I am glad to say that it does hit the nail on the head sometimes. For instance, here is an extract that succeeds in getting more hard, solid truth into fewer words than I ever saw done before. Read:

Business is not the reason these United States were founded. Neither is government the reason. The Declaration of Independence is not a business charter, nor is the Constitution of the United States a business schedule. The United States is land and people, and government and business are but methods by which the life of the people on the land is made worth while.

They are servants only, never were any thing but servants, and never caused anything but trouble when they forgot for a time that they were servants. The moment the people become adjuncts to business, or to government, that moment the law of retribution begins to work, for such a relation is unnatural, immoral, inhuman—wrong in every way.

It ought to be fundamental that you will never find what is good for business or government until you find what is good for the people; and it is equally fundamental that what appears to be good for business or government

between, in the realm which we call "commerce," and centers around a human invention called "money."

Automobiles in the Bible.

Say, honey, did you know the Bible talks about automobiles? Well, it does, anyhow. Just get your Bible and turn to the second chapter of Nahum and read, beginning at the third verse:

> "The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation."

And the fourth verse:

> "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

There is your gasoline-buggy with its head-lights gleaming as it goes dashing along at night. How do you reckon old man Nahum knew so well how it would look? Don't tell me that was guess work. The man who wrote that had some way of KNOWING what would be in these last days, and his description fits the automobile just to a gnat's heel, and it couldn't fit anything else. Search all down through the ages and you will not find any "chariot" that such a discription can be applied to till you come to the modern automobile, and there you have it.

"The chariots shall rage in the streets." Notice that word RAGE. Then look at any city to-

The Mailing System

Joaquin, Tex.,
May 14, 1921.

The Fool-Killer,
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Fool-Killer:

Enclosed find one dollar for which send twelve shots of your dope to each of the accompanying names. Why don't you arrange some way to notify a fellow when his time is about to expire? We have missed one issue by not knowing exactly when our paper expired.

S. S. McCRARY.

Hundreds of people have asked me that same question, and of course it is hard for outsiders to understand all the difficulties that come up in handling a mailing list. There are some mailing systems that provide for putting the expiration date on the label, but these systems are very expensive and I have not been able to install one yet. The mailing system that I use is comparatively cheap, but it is not satisfactory because it provides no way of giving expiration dates. There is just one way for me to get a better mailing system, and that is for all you folks to rush in a big stream of subs and make me ABLE to get a better system. You do your part and the rest will come easy.

My Job and Your Job.

She Don't Know Where She's At

Mrs. J. C. Coons, of Seffner, Fla., seems to be on both sides of the soul question. She writes me a letter in which she argues FOR the immortality of the soul, and then she encloses a lot of tracts that argue right the other way. In her letter she says:

"You apparently do not believe in the immortality of the soul. Are there not more texts for than against immortality?"

Why, madam, you surely must be joking. You cannot really believe that there are more texts for than against immortality. As a matter of fact, there is only one text in the Bible that favors the immortality of the soul, and the devil is the author of that one. You will find it in Genesis 3:4. It was the devil who said to the woman, "Thou shalt not surely die." And upon that lie of the devil the whole orthodox theory is built.

But on the other hand, there are hundreds of texts to prove that the soul is NOT immortal. In fact you don't have to pick out texts. The whole connected Bible teaching is that the wages of sin is DEATH—the soul that sinneth it shall DIE.

And if a soul can DIE, isn't that all the proof we need that it is not immortal?

Letters Classified as Advertising.

It ought to be fundamental that you will never find what is good for business or government until you find what is good for the people; and it is equally fundamental that what appears to be good for business or government is not to be trusted at all until it has been tested by the principle of the people's good. We are always treating business—doctoring it, inventing laws which we think will protect or stimulate it. Go to the big conventions—business is regarded as a separate entity, a thing in itself, a separate empire; without a thought of the real fundamental entity, the people, and that encompassing empire, the people's good.

All the business that there ever was is right here now, in the people.

Business is nothing more nor less than the supply of the people's needs.

The need of the people to eat every day, to be clothed and sheltered, is the basic guarantee of business. If the people should dispense with these needs, there would be no business. Whenever a fool policy interferes with the people's ability to supply these needs in an honorable, orderly way, business slumps.

There is always enough supply—Nature and Nature's God saw to that long ago; there is always enough demand—the recurring needs of human life provide for that; the kink is somewhere in

a discription can be applied to till you come to the modern automobile, and there you have it.

"The chariots shall rage in the streets." Notice that word RAGE. Then look at any city today and you will admit that RAGE is the right word: They actually do RAGE in the streets like mad things. And they often do jostle one against another in the broad ways, causing accidents and deaths. "They shall seem like torches." Just watch them at night if you don't believe it. "They shall run like lightning." And they sure do.

And yet some Smart Elecks are fools enough to try to claim that the Bible prophets didn't know anything.

Why did the prophet use the figure of a woman in travail to describe the suffering of the Great Tribulation that is now upon us? Couldn't he have thought of some other form of suffering? Yes, but the idea he wanted to bring out was that the Great Tribulation would come in recurring spasms, one after another, with little spells of comparative quiet in between. That exactly fits the conditions today—a war, then a little slack-up, and then more war, but all the time a sick world, full of trouble and unrest.

You can't change a truth by calling it a lie.

big stream of subs and make me ABLE to get a better system. You do your part and the rest will come easy.

My Job and Your Job.

I get all sorts of advice about running The Fool-Killer. Some people tell me to cut out all the politics, while others insist that I cut out the prophetical and theological talk.

But I cannot do either.

If people would only look at it right they would see that all the things I talk about are so interlocked and so closely related that there is no way to separate them.

The fulfillment of prophecy as it relates to the nations must come about through the natural operation of human agencies, working through government and society. The misunderstanding of the one leads to the misapplication of the other, and you've got to pull both strings at the same time if you want to get the kinks out.

Other people know more than I do about some things, but I probably know more about how to run The Fool-Killer than anybody else in the world. I invented the thing and have been rasselling with it for nearly twelve years. I ought to know. So if you folks will furnish the chink I'll furnish the chat. Now all together!

What do you think about it this time, Uncle Jerry?

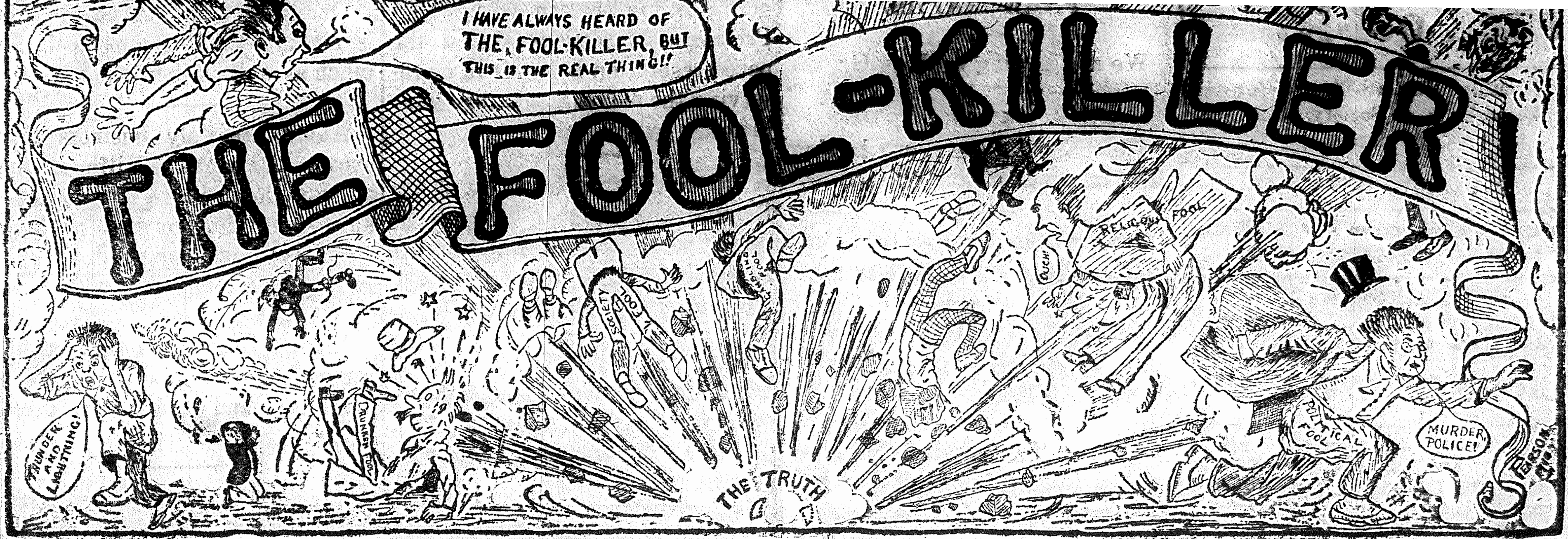
shall DIE.

And if a soul can DIE, isn't that all the proof we need that it is not immortal?

Letters Classified as Advertising.

The Fool-Killer has always had a habit of printing a column or so of letters that come in with subscriptions. It was my desire to give the readers of the paper a little space in which to express themselves and get acquainted with each other. But the Burlesonized postoffice department got busy and issued a ruling that these letters were "advertising," and I was required to pay a higher rate of postage because of them. So the only possible course was to cut them out. Other papers are allowed to print letters from their readers, but The Fool-Killer is not. This is another sample of the "freedom" and "equality" that we have in this courtry. Let us hope that the new P. M. General will soon get around to all these Burleson blunders and correct them.

"Anglo Jap Treaty May End All Promise of Disarmament," says a head-line. Aw, your big toe! There never was any promise of it nohow—not from the source you have been looking to. Disarmament, whenever it does come, will come from a different source.



Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, August, 1921. Number 6.

An Old Familiar Hymn.

Alas, and are my breeches tore?
And is my shirt in strings?
And shall I go in debt for more,
Or do without such things?

Was it for this, since I've been grown,
I cast my sovereign vote?
Amazing shoes, with socks unknown!
And, oh, you tattered coat!

Well might a piece of tow-sack hide
My poor old naked skin!
The way them politicians lied,
It surely is a sin!

But drops of grief can never pay
The grocery bills I owe.
Next time I'll vote a different way—
Hang-taked if that ain't so!

A Soldier's Monument.

If I could have the designing of a soldier's monument to be erected in the public square of every city

PARIS WITH HER BREECHES OFF

Some of us have to go nearly naked because we can't get anything to wear; while others go naked for a different reason—because they seem to enjoy the sensation and probably think it looks nice.

If it were true that the dead could know what is going on in this world, old Mother Eve would be calling up the city of Paris on the weejy board and telling it where to get fig-leaves, for they sure do need something of that sort in rotten old Paree.

If you don't believe it, just grab your modesty with both hands and choke it till it turns black in the face, and then read the fol-

life, besides the uncountable waste in wealth and human energy.

I suppose that is some of the "democracy" we were going to get.

Well, we are getting it in great hunks.

But democracy and civilization would look a little better with their clothes on. There is nothing in the Leegonashuns covenant that provides for going naked in public.

There is nothing nastier recorded in all the history of Rome, even in its nastiest days. A page of refined revelry from Quo Vadis is modest in comparison. Carthage never went farther in open defiance of decency.

It does not help matters any to say that the actors in this performance were Bohemians of the

Now I Reckon You Know.

Well, I'll be mortally conflamidingbusted!

Sometimes I think Henry 4d has got a little sense, and then again it appears that he is just as big a consarned nincompoop as the rest of the block-headed braggarts of wicked wealth.

Of course Henry don't write the stuff that appears in his weekly paper. but he is supposed to sorter keep his eye on it and know what sort of dope it prints.

Well, here comes Henry's literary jitney snorting along down the journalistic pike with its cut-out open and its omniverous mouth uttering great big feather-legged words like a campmeeting of bull-frogs taking a dive into a last year's mill pond.

The grocery bills I owe.
Next time I'll vote a different way—
Hang-taked if that ain't so!

A Soldier's Monument.

If I could have the designing of a soldier's monument to be erected in the public square of every city and town, I would not design a general on horseback with waving sword and flashing medals to make war look fine and respectable. No, I would make my design represent a private soldier crawling on his hands and knees, with one side of his face shot away, and his guts dragging ten feet behind him as he crawled. That would represent war as it really is, and I think the people would soon get so sick of looking at it that they would never permit another war to come.

Them-Thar Books.

Well, honey, I ain't got them books published yet, but I am still trying. Have got something like a hundred pledges for "Pearson's Poems," and about the same number for the book of Fool-Killer selections. But that is hardly a start. I must have lots more pledges before I can start work on the books. Send your pledge if you haven't already sent it. The price will not be more than $1.50 each. Just say you will take the books, and that you will send the money when I get ready for it.

I would like to tell you more about my plans for publishing these books, but the Postoffice Department won't let me. They want to call everything "advertising" and charge me 8 cents a pound for postage on it.

be calling up the city of Paris on the weejy board and telling it where to get fig-leaves, for they sure do need something of that sort in rotten old Paree.

If you don't believe it, just grab your modesty with both hands and choke it till it turns black in the face, and then read the following:

Paris, France, June 16.—"The Year One of the Second Heathen Era" was ushered in by Latin quarter students with the annual four arts ball. Five thousand artists, many prominent in the social world, went back to savagery and Carthage at a leap.

While all were supposed to be "costumed" in Carthaginian style, hundreds solved the problem of "what to wear" by wearing nothing. Witnesses of the revelry at 4 o'clock in the morning saw no fewer than 300 nude women, chiefly models. An American art student, wearing only crimson bathing trunks, was nearly rejected by the reception committee because she "had too much on."

Toward morning thousands of the unclad stormed the near-by Bois de Boulogne where they indulged in Neroesque revels while a special force of police gazed at them, smiling.

At 7 a. m, the procession passed through the fashionable section of the Champs-Elysees, seizing taxicabs and private cars and forcing every policeman to be kissed.

Aged artists said the night was the wildest in the history of Paris.

So that's the kind of "civilization" that we sent our boys over there to fight for! That's what we've got to show for nearly a hundred thousand killed and nearly twice as many crippled for

ed in all the history of Rome, even in its nastiest days. A page of refined revelry from Quo Vadis is modest in comparison. Carthage never went farther in open defiance of decency.

It does not help matters any to say that the actors in this performance were Bohemians of the art world, and that they did not represent Paris. So much the worse. They represented the art of Paris and of the world. And furthermore, the policemen represented Paris, and they smiled at it and let it pass.

After going through such a baptism of blood, it seems that France ought to be pretty well sobered. But evidently she is not. She is plunging deeper than ever into sin and shame.

Oh, what is to become of a nation and a world that never can learn any sense?

I have always wondered why it was that the preachers encouraged the bad boys to go to the war and get killed, believing (as they pretend to believe) that the boys would go straight to a place of endless torment. If the preachers expect to go straight to heaven when they die, why didn't they go and do the dying themselves?

Four years from today Warren Give-us Hardtimes will be much more unpopular than Woodpile Wilson was last November. Just wait and see.

what sort of dope it prints.

Well, here comes Henry's literary jitney snorting along down the journalistic pike with its cutout open and its omniverous mouth uttering great big feather-legged words like a campmeeting of bull-frogs taking a dive into a last year's mill pond.

And so the Dearborn Independend hitches up its gallus another notch and lets out the following weepy wail:

"It would be difficult to name, either in church or state, a leader of the old-time qualities; one inspiring in the crowd any passionate devotion to an ideal and full consecration to the work of its actualization. Where is the Jefferson or the Hamilton, the Lincoln, the Webster, the Sumner, the Lloyd Garrison or Wendell Phillips, the Wesley, the Beecher or the Roosevelt of our time? Where is the leader whom the common people follow gladly?"

Why, you poor old ignoront cuss, what is the use to ask such a fool question?

Everybody knows where that great leader of the common people is.

He is in the **Atlanta Federal** Prison.

Now what else do you want to know?

Little old Delaware's swap of Senators reminds me of the hen that swapped her teeth for a chaw of sweetened wind. She didn't have anything to start with, and after the swap she still didn't have anything.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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Clubs of five 15c

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1916, at the postoffice at Boomer, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like

PARAGRAPHS:

We are getting back to Grover in a trot.

The Dummycats are having their laugh now.

It seems that we now have just a piece of a peace with Germany.

After this it will take a mighty nervy Republican to say anything about old Grover.

When a No. 2 brain is hitched up to a No. 12 mouth, it does get awful tiresome.

A violent case of peace has broken out between the United States and Germany.

Delaware has lost a sorry Senator, and the powder trust has gained a still sorrier one.

Big words are what the politicians use to conceal their little thoughts.

The main trouble with orthodox doctrine is that the D. D.'s have "doctored" it too much.

The "peace resolution" has brought peace just about like hanging up a dead snake would bring rain.

The preachers talk about the judgment day that is to come.

Preserving the pen with which President Hardtimes signed the peace resolution is sorter like preserving the nail that you tore your britches over.

There will soon be as many ex-Republicans in this country as there were ex-Dummycats last November. And then I wonder what they will turn to next?

They have put off the disarmament conference till next winter, so as to give them time to start another big war between now and then.

I heard a rich Republican say the other day that he had lost $4,000 since this Hardtimes prosperity set in. Well, he is getting just what he voted for. And I hope he will get his belly full of it while it is going.

Senator du Pont! That shore does sound like peace! When all the big munition manufacturers and war profiteers get into their bought seats in the Senate, then of course they will turn in and kill the business that has made them rich. Like the very devil they will!

"Senator" Newberry! And then "Senator" du Pont! Both good Republicans. Both multi-millionaries and war-profiteers. Both occupying bought seats in the U. S. Senate. Both fit only

One good thing about it—this is making the big uns feel the pinch as well as the little uns.

About the only business that shows any signs of life is the automobile business. Well, maybe we can ride, anyway, as long as we can buy some of Johndee's gas.

Lift up your noses and smell, for verily our prosperity hath mortified, and there is a great stink in the land.

The devil is doing his very most devilish worst these days, because he knows that his little ball of yarn will soon be wound up.

Ask your neighbor what he knows about the Great Pyramid, and you will be surprised at the amount of ignorance a man's head can hold.

Be sure to read all about the Reduced Club Rates in the first column of this page. The price of paper is not down to where it ought to be, but it is getting down some, and I thought perhaps I could stand it to put The Fool-Killer back to its old price.

I am still offering that $1,000 reward to any person who can show me the words, "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" in the Bible. Come ahead, folks.

money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Gimme a Birthday Present.

Wait a minute! Doggon it, an idea has just struck me—kerbim!—right between the lookers. I am going to ask you folks to give me a big "Subscription Shower" for a Birthday Present. I will be 42 years old one of these days purty soon. Reckon I better not tell you the exact day, 'cause I want you to shoot clubs at me every day so as to be sure and hit the right one. Let's have a whole month of it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

hanging up a dead snake would bring rain.

The preachers talk about the judgment day that is to come. Poor fools! They do not know it has already come.

The Upper Silesian question was decided at the polls, but the Poles were not satisfied with the decision.

If you believe this kind of plain talk is needed, suppose you show this paper around among your neighbors and get up a club.

If Dempsey's "mailed fist" had been delivered by Burleson's mail system, the Frenchman would have got off easy.

Do you remember all them glorious campaign promises? Huh? Well, what in the thunder has become of them?

The Hardtimes administration is even worse than old Grover's time. Grover did establish soup-houses to feed the starving, and Hardtimes has not even done that.

Every day that passes makes me more and more certain that I am on the right track; because the things I have been predicting are coming to pass right along. When a thing PROVES itself to be true, then it must be true, isn't it?

then "Senator" du Pont! Both good Republicans. Both multi-millionaries and war-profiteers. Both occupying bought seats in the U. S. Senate. Both fit only for the penitentiary. If that ain't a Senatorial team to be proud of, I'll be hornswoggled!

This-here "peace by resolution" seems to be sorter like the dog that crawled into a joint of stovepipe. His fore legs were in front of the pipe and his hind legs behind it, and in that fix he ran around all day trying to run out of the stovepipe, but carrying it along with him all the time.

Even the mention of a "soldier bonus" is a flat admission that the government didn't give the soldier boys a square deal during the war. If it did, why is its old conscience hurting it now? How does it happen that nothing has been said about giving a "bonus" to the munition manufacturers?

This-here Southern Democracy does beat the very dickens for economy. After all of its high tax assessments, still it has managed to bust the state of North Carolina as wide open as a boot-jack, and now has to call a special session of the legislature to issue more bonds that nobody will buy.

Don't tell me there is nothing in a name. H-a-r-d spells "hard."

reward to any person who can show me the words, "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" in the Bible. Come ahead, folks.

Don't you suppose God would be awful proud of a gang of hell-scared people in heaven? Why, goodness sakes alive, such a gang would look just like a flock of spring chickens hid in a straw-stack to keep a hawk from catching 'em. Somehow it seems to me that God would rather have people who just WANT to go to His place because they LIKE Him, and not because they are SCARED into it.

Not one preacher in a thousand knows anything about the time parallels in the Bible. And they don't have any comprehension of the type and antitype system that runs through it. If people would only lay aside their prejudice long enough to get a glimpse of these PROOFS of the truth! But the majority of people, including the preachers, ain't got sense enough.

Say, you big proud, fashionable, stuck-up, scornful, exclusive humbug of a Christian—don't you know that God never chooses any such cattle as you to do His work? God chooses the seemingly weak and foolish things to confound the strong and wise. Some of the peo- that you scorn today will soon be hiring you to black their boots.

WHO EMPLOYS THE DEVIL TO RUN HELL?

The following article was written by the editor of The Fool-Killer and printed in this paper several months ago. At the time of writing it I did not realize that it was anything unusual. But the paper went out, and I soon began to hear from it. The article was copied and re-copied in papers all over the country, also printed in tract form and widely circulated. The latest news of it comes from far-away New Zealand, where it has been printed and circulated in great numbers. Seeing, therefore, that the article has made such a hit all over the world, I thought the readers of The Fool-Killer might enjoy seeing it again. So here it is. Show it to everybody you see and help to give it a still wider circulation:

If an endless hell of torment for the wicked is a necessary part of God's plan, and if God has to have the devil employed to run the place and keep the fire going, then there is simply no getting around the fact that God and the devil are business associates and good friends. If there is an endless hell of torment in God's scheme at all it is a very important part of the scheme, and surely God would not appoint His very worst enemy to such an important position as general superintendent of hell. Supposing, for the

they can't tell blue smoke from the breath of a Democratic candidate.

500, 000 YEARS

In Wake County, North Carolina, there is a big Baptist educational joint answering to the name of Wake Forest College. The college is owned and operated by the Baptist denomination of North Carolina, and the instructions given in the college are supposed to harmonize, dovetail and otherwise agree with the common old Baptist view of things.

The present head of that good Baptist learnatorium is one Dr. W. L. Poteat, and if one may judge by the printed report of a recent lecture of his, the good brother seems to be sorter wobbling on his theological spindle, as it were.

All Baptists will tell you that they believe the Bible— at least they are powerful fussy about observing all the fine points of what they THINK it teaches.

Well, the Bible teaches that the human race has only been on the earth a little over six thousand years. Bible chronology makes this very plain. And I have always understood that Baptists accepted that as the truth. Lots of other people do not accept the six thousand year theory, and they even present what they believe is evidence that man has been squirting the mud of this planet through his toes for several million years.

with being a heretic, an infidel, or any of them dangerous things. He will stay right on the job as president of a Baptist college and go right on teaching things that the Baptists have never believed.

But if Dr. Poteat should happen to remark that the soul is not immortal and that the wicked will not roast in a burning hell forever—zip!—he would be out of a job before you could say scat with your mouth open.

The Baptists are getting so tough they can stand just about any old thing—except the truth!

But they can't endure the TRUTH nary minute.

"Trim Your Lamps."

The Bible is often spoken of as a lamp.

We are advised to keep our lamps trimmed and burning.

What does that mean?

Does it mean that we must trim out some parts of the Bible and throw them away?

Certainly not.

You all know what it means to trim a common oil lamp.

You do not really trim the lamp—you only trim the wick.

You know that after a lamp has been burning for some time there will form on the end of the burnt wick a sort of coal or cinder which dims the light and causes the blaze to sputter and fail.

What do you do?

You trim off that burnt cinder

immortal soul cinder, and together they have formed an obstruction that has just about blinded the whole world.

These things must all be trimmed off before the Bible can give forth its true light.

Trim your lamps!

Take the scissors of reason and trim the wick of your understanding, and strain all the prejudice out of your oil of intellect, and then you will begin to see things in their true light.

REPUBLICAN PRAYER.

Oh, thou great and galliniperous Father Hardtimes, here we come tumbling down before thee on our pot-gutted bellies, even as the ducks that old Grover shot used to fall into Buzzard's Bay.

We don't know hardly how to address thee, Father Hardtimes, because many of us who voted for thee are not thy political children. Some of us are political bastards and orphans who were spewed out of the Democratic volcano, picked up by the Republican cyclone, jerked through space so fast that our shirt-tails looked like the flag of desolation, and finally dumped head foremost into this gulf of Republican misery.

But, on the other hand, some of us are just Republicans because pap was, and we can't be cured of it by any known treatment. We have to suffer the pain and also the disgrace of being a Republican to the end of our days, whether we like it or not.

less hell of torment in God's scheme at all it is a very important part of the scheme, and surely God would not appoint His very worst enemy to such an important position as general superintendent of hell. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that God needs an endless hell in His business, and supposing that God had employed His enemy to run the place. Don't you see that the enemy could take advantage of God and let the thing go smack out? Or he might go to the other extreme and waste the brimstone and burn out the flues and do lots of damage that way. Where there was so much fire there would be constant danger of getting the whole place burned up. So you see God would need to have a man on the job that He could trust—one who could be depended on at all times to run hell in a perfectly honest and Christian manner.

Now, Buddy, I put it up to you plain and honest: If the devil is as mean and low down and as tricky as people say he is, do you honestly believe God would keep such a character on his payroll through Eternity and trust him with the all-important business affairs of the everlasting fire works? What do you think about it? Looks to me like the "theologians" have gotten their hind legs so badly crossed and tangled in their foresight that accepted that as the truth. Lots of other people do not accept the six thousand year theory, and they even present what they believe is evidence that man has been squirting the mud of this planet through his toes for several million years.

But the point is that the Bible puts it at six thousand years, and the Baptists have never kicked on it before. And now here comes the president of Wake Forest College with a series of lectures on "Eugenics," in the course of which he says:

"The human stock of today is judged solely by that produced during the two centuries 500 to 300 B. C., the golden age of Athenian culture. There has been relatively little improvement in stock during all the 500,000 years of man's occupation of this planet."

That sort of talk would sound all right if it came from the University of North Carolina—a purely secular institution where science reigns supreme.

But from the president of Wake Forest—from the very place where they pretend to believe the Bible—well, it does sound sorter odd.

And yet I'll bet a dollar the Baptists of North Carolina will swallow that and smack their lips over it like it was good.

A little matter of only 494,000 years will not bother them. And Dr. Poteat will not be charged has been burning for some time there will form on the end of the burnt wick a sort of coal or cinder which dims the light and causes the blaze to sputter and fail.

What do you do?

You trim off that burnt cinder and then your lamp burns bright and steady again.

Now if the Bible is a lamp, what is meant by trimming it?

Simply this:

Don't cut out any of the Bible and throw it away, but simply trim off all the dead cinders of misunderstanding that have accumulated around it.

The Bible has been a burning lamp before the world for many generations, and much of the time it has been badly attended to, and its light has often been dimmed and hindered by the dead cinders on the wick of human understanding. These need to be trimmed off, so the light can have a chance to shine.

One very bad and harmful cinder—one that has been obscuring the Bible's light for several thousand years—is the "immortal soul" cinder. It is a big black old thing, and it has been accumulating blackness and hardness ever since the devil told that first lie in Eden.

And then there is "eternal torment," another big ugly coal that needs to be trimmed off. It has built itself up around the

But, on the other hand, some of us are just Republicans because pap was, and we can't be cured of it by any known treatment. We have to suffer the pain and also the disgrace of being a Republican to the end of our days, whether we like it or not.

And therefore, O great and mighty Hardtimes, thou seest what a thunderation fix we are in.

We told millions of campaign lies for thee.

We cussed out the Dummycats and the durned Socialists.

We promised everything we could think of, and then promised that if we had forgot anything we would promise that later.

We told the voters that thou wast the friend of the common people when we knew it was a lie.

And now they are throwing it up to us, and we are like the boy the calf stepped on—we ain't got nothing to say.

When the jobless workers come around asking about that promised "prosperity," we just stand here looking like fools and wishing the ground would open its mouth and swaller us.

O Father Hardtimes, look down from thy throne in Washington and have mercy on us.

Tell us what to do.

Teach us what to say.

For behold, the people are beginning to think that we are no better than the Dummycats.

AMEN.

The Hell Question

There is no such a place as hell,
No ever-burning lake of fire,
Where hoofed and horned devils dwell,
And tortured souls cannot expire.

The God that made us out of clay
And gave to us our human breath,
Has said, as plain as words can say,
That sin's sure penalty is death.

If death is what a man must pay
For leading here a life of sin,
Will God then trade some other way?
Where does the endless hell come in?

Eternal death is bad enough;
Eternal torment would be worse.
Where do men get that silly stuff
That they have added to the curse?

If death is life, then bad is good,
And black is white, and cold is hot.
How then can words be understood?
And how much meaning have they got?

When God declared that saints should be
Alive while sinners should be dead,
I'm fool enough to think that He
Meant just exactly what He said.

A SERMON ON THE BIBLE.

And now we are going to have a little sermon on the question of whether the Bible is just an ordinary human book like other books that men can write, or whether it was written under the direction of Divine Wisdom and contains super-human knowledge.

There are in existence today more than a thousand religious creeds, all claiming to be based on Bible truth, and yet all different. And some of them are so

lawyers are often worded in such a way as to leave loop-holes and cause disputes to arise. Most of the law suits grow out of that kind of business. But you may take any law suit and boil it down and skim off the big words, and you will seldom find more than two sides to it.

Then let me ask again—why is it the Bible can be interpreted in so many different ways? If it is just a human book, why can't we find some other human book that shows the same characteristic of many-sidedness? Why can't somebody write a book now that can be understood in a thousand different ways, and all of them reasonable enough to satisfy a large following? Answer that if you can.

Reasoning along this line, we are led to the inevitable conclusion that the Bible is different in this respect from any other book. Therefore a Wisdom superior to man's wisdom must have had something to do with making it.

But maybe you are wondering what advantage it is to have such a book if nobody can be sure what it means. That is a problem that many people have stumbled over.

But here is the explanation:

The Bible contains different messages for different ages of the world, and it wasn't intended that the message for us of today should be understood a thousand years ago. It was written

crowd and LOOKING for the light—and of course these few would naturally be denounced as heretics and false teachers by the nominal church systems.

Well, we see that the nominal church systems are in trouble, and they don't know what is the matter. The light of the New Day has merely blinded them, and they are staggering and stumbling around like drunk things. You see they have been walking in darkness, and their eyes have not yet become accustomed to the new light.

That's the reason the Bible was written in such obscure and hidden language—simply to HIDE what it was saying until the right time for it to be known. And I contend that it took more than human literary skill to do such a job of writing,

They Want to Muzzle Me.

There seems to be a general notion among the orthodox fraternity that I ought not to be allowed to print and circulate The Fool-Killer. They say it isn't right to put out such heresies as I handle, and they think there ought to be some way to stop it.

But at the same time these people who object to my talk do not hesitate to splurge around over the country spouting their own theological lies and leading the people astray with their slanders against God

LAW, YER FOOT!

The Literary Digest has an article about the new developments in poison gas and other savage inventions for the "next war," and it goes on to wonder if there could be a "law" passed which would prevent the use of these inhuman devices in war.

Law, your foot!

The very idea of passing a law against some of war's methods, and not being able to pass a law against war itself! If you can outlaw poison gas you can outlaw the army rifle and the machine gun.

You can pass a law against all these things, and your law is all right so long as it works. And it will work all right just as long as you don't need it. But the very minute you need it, right then it isn't worth a cent.

Law is law when there isn't any war; but when war comes, then brute force is the only law that operates.

When a nation goes to war it lays aside all other considerations except the one thought of WHIPPING THE ENEMY. And any paper agreement that stands in the way of victory is going to be a "scrap of paper."

If a nation is about to be whipped, and it knows of some method of warfare that would enable it to win, it is going to use that method, no matter how brutal and inhuman it may be.

As long as we have war at all,

direction of Divine Wisdom and contains super-human knowledge.

There are in existence today more than a thousand religious creeds, all claiming to be based on Bible truth, and yet all different. And some of them are so very much different that they bear no resemblance to each other. One man will understand a passage of scripture one way, and a thousand other men will understand it a thousand different ways, and no two of them can quite agree as to what it means.

Now how is it possible to get so many different understandings from the same printed words? There is no other piece of literature that is capable of such a variety of interpretations. Did you ever think about that?

You may select any number of the most skilled writers living and ask them to write a book or a set of books that can be understood in a thousand different ways, and they can't do it. No matter how mysterious or abstruse they try to make it, the trade-mark of human limitation will be on it. Anything they can say will not be susceptible of more than three or four interpretations. It will either be entirely devoid of sense, or else its meaning will be obvious enough to fall within one of three or four divisions.

Legal papers gotten up by

over.

But here is the explanation:

The Bible contains different messages for different ages of the world, and it wasn't intended that the message for us of today should be understood a thousand years ago. It was written into the book, so as to be there when needed, but it was purposely written in language that could not be understood until the due time.

For some years past we have been living in the "end of the world," and the time has now come for the last message of the Bible to be understood. That is why we are getting a great flood of light on the Bible that nobody ever could see before.

The Bible has been like a rolled- up tapestry that has been gradually unrolling all through the ages. But nobody could see the complete pattern until it was entirely unrolled. Seeing just part of the pattern while the remainder was still hidden caused people to jump at wrong conclusions and build up creeds of their own to fit their imperfect idea of the finished pattern. They saw "through a glass darkly," as Paul says.

But now the age has ended, and those who are willing to look may see the whole Divine Plan spread out before them. Of course the new light had to be seen at first by just a few—those who were marching ahead of the

ought to be some way to stop it.

But at the same time these people who object to my talk do not hesitate to splurge around over the country spouting their own theological lies and leading the people astray with their slanders against God.

See the difference?

They want free speech for THEMSELVES, but not for me.

They take for granted that THEY have a divine right to talk, but old Pearson should be hushed up.

And yet this is "free America," the land that was dedicated to the proposition that all should have a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

But some of them have got smarter than the founders of this Republic. Washington and Jeffierson didn't know that old Pearson was going to come along and print The Fool-Killer.

That's where they fell down.

And now something must be done about it.

Oh, your foot!

Uncle Sam has just paid to the British government the sum of $32, 000,000 which England charged us for carrying American soldiers across to save England from ruin. It is just as if you charged me for the use of your bucket to tote water to put out a fire in your house.

a scrap of paper.

If a nation is about to be whipped, and it knows of some method of warfare that would enable it to win, it is going to use that method, no matter how brutal and inhuman it may be.

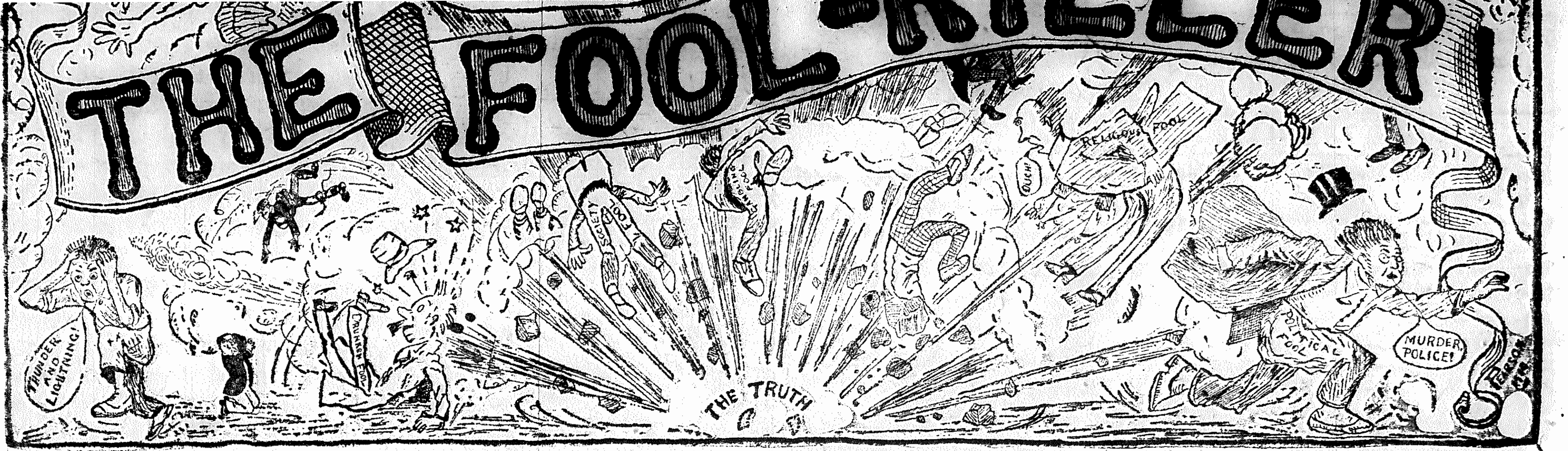
As long as we have war at all, we are going to have the very worst forms of war, and it is utter folly to talk about injecting any mercy or kindness into it.

When the time comes that we are able to prevent some certain methods of warfare, then it will be just as easy to prevent ALL the methods and stop the business of war altogether.

To argue otherwise would be equal to saying that medical science could prevent leprosy, smallpox, cancer and consumption; but that bad colds, toothache, stinking feet and body lice would still have to be endured.

It would be like saying that a man could lift a thousand pound weight without straining him a bit, but he just couldn't lift a peck of wheat bran.

The British government is going to kill 30,000 army horses in Mesopotamia, because it is too expensive to bring them home. Uh-huh! To be sure! But it wasn't too expensive to SEND them there when the business of war demanded it. It seems that all governments can go to ANY expense for war, but they are mighty durned stingy about anything connected with peace.



Volume XI. Boomer, North Carolina, September, 1921. Number 7.

The President Plays Some Golf.

When there ain't no work for his hands and mind,
The president plays some golf;
When the work is rushing and getting behind,
The president plays some golf.
When the great and mighty affairs of state
Are vexed with problems small and great,
The word goes out that they must wait
Till the president plays some golf.

When there ain't no trouble on earth at all,
The president plays some golf;
When the world is tottering to its fall,
The president plays some golf.
When the crops are poor and the purse is flat,
And there aint no food for the hungry brat,
There's just no time to attend to that
Till the president plays some golf.

When he's awful tired and wants to rest,
The president plays some golf;

THE DISAGREEMENT CONFERENCE.

Howdy.

Come in.

Take a seat.

Cross your legs.

Lean back.

Listen.

I am now going to tune up my gab-trap and preach you a little sermon about the coming "Disagreement Conference" which President Normalcy has called to meet in Washington about the 11th of November.

I see that some of the papers have mistakenly referred to it as the "Disarmament Conference." but I always try to call a thing by its real name, and you will see before long that "Disagreement Conference" is right.

There will be no disarming done.

But there will be lots of disa-

so he invited China to bring her wash-board and come along.

Our own delegation to the Disagreement Conference will be composed of Secretary Hews and his whiskers, and perhaps a few other pious plutes who really do not want any disarmament.

They will promise to have "open sessions" and let everybody know what is going on, just like they promised at Versailles. Then they will drive the public away and lock the door, just as they did at Versailles. What they really talk about will never be known, except as we can guess at it afterward by the trouble it starts.

I can already guess at one of the questions they will try to settle.

It is this:

How much stronger will the plute powers have to be in order to suppress the growing radical-

is a pretty sure sign that the house is about ready to tumble.

Well, the nations of this world have begun to get their props ready. The very existence of all these Leagues and Conferences is a confession of weakness, just as a man hopping on crutches publishes to the world that he is a cripple. He didn't have any use for the crutches as long as he was able to stand and walk without them.

We must admit that this old world is badly crippled. It has been hopping on one crutch for two or three years. The name of that crutch is the Leegonations. And now the old crippled-up world is reaching out its boney hand and trying to get hold of another crutch—the Disagreement Conference. And it thinks that with a crutch under each arm it can hobble on awhile longer.

Well, just watch it.

at all,
The president plays some golf;
When the world is tottering to its fall,
The president plays some golf.
When the crops are poor and the purse is flat,
And there aint no food for the hungry brat,
There's just no time to attend to that
Till the president plays some golf.

When he's awful tired and wants to rest,
The president plays some golf;
When he's fully rested and feels his best,
The president plays some golf.
If there be dark clouds or a shining sun,
A house on fire or a race to run,
There's nothing at all that can be done
Till the president plays some golf.

The Drunken Nations.

There has never before been a time when the nations felt it necessary to lean against each other like a dozen bundles of wheat in a shock. They have generally been able to stand alone. They have never felt the need of any propping. But now they see that they are not going to be able to stand alone much longer, and so they are beginning to stagger up against each other like a gang of drunken men around a lamp-post, all trying to get support from the others who are just as drunk as they are. Look out! There is going to be a terrible smash some of these days.

meet in Washington about the 11th of November.

I see that some of the papers have mistakenly referred to it as the "Disarmament Conference." but I always try to call a thing by its real name, and you will see before long that "Disagreement Conference" is right.

There will be no disarming done.

But there will be lots of disagreeing done.

So I am not trying to be funny when I call it the "Disagreement Conference"—I am only trying to give you the facts.

Yes, honey, we are soon to be kicked in the belly by the hind foot of disarmament. We are soon to suffer the unbearable joy of getting more of what we don't want than we will ever need. We are soon to have the miserable satisfaction of adding that other seven cents to the ninety-three that already goes for war.

And so President Hardtimes has neglected his golfing duties long enough to call a Disagreement Conference. He has invited four of the plute nations to come over here and chaw up a few hundred yards of our good American wind in an effort to see who is afraid and how much. England, France, Italy and Japan are the Big Four. China is also invited, not that she is classed as one of the big powers by any means, but President Hardtimes thought the Conference might need a clean shirt, and they did at Versailles. What they really talk about will never be known, except as we can guess at it afterward by the trouble it starts.

I can already guess at one of the questions they will try to settle.

It is this:

How much stronger will the plute powers have to be in order to suppress the growing radicalism of the world?

And if they can't settle that in a peaceable way, they will fight it out among themselves, and so there will be a fight anyhow.

There will never be any real peace in America or in the world so long as the greatest and truest friend of peace—Eugene Debs—remains in prison. The wrong type of men are in power now. Think how utterly absurd and ridiculous it is to look for disarmament and peace from the same source from which the persecution of Debs has come. That would be like pouring vinegar and honey out of the same jug. It can't be done. We will have to cork up this old vinegar jug of capitalistic rivalry and open the honey jug of co-operative brotherhood before we can hope to have disarmament and peace.

I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for all the disarmament you will get out of President Hardtimes and his Disagreement Conference.

When you see a man begin to cut poles and prop his house, that

world is badly crippled. It has been hopping on one crutch for two or three years. The name of that crutch is the Leegonations. And now the old crippled-up world is reaching out its boney hand and trying to get hold of another crutch—the Disagreement Conference. And it thinks that with a crutch under each arm it can hobble on awhile longer.

Well, just watch it.

You will soon see.

Where Is My Gold?

According to a statement by the financial editor of the New York Times, the United States already has imported, this year, from all quarters of the earth, nearly $100,000,000 more gold than the world's entire production of 1920. This country now holds more than 40 per cent of the whole world's estimated stock of gold, and the movement does not slacken.

Well, I'll be dog-sarned!

Say, Mr. Pore Devil, why don't you take your part of that gold and buy you a fine home and some swell duds and be somebody?

Or is it possible that your shipment of gold hasn't reached you yet?

Same here.

Mine hasn't, either.

Now what in the thunder do you suppose has become of our part of that gold?

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

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TAKE NOTICE

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Boomer, - - - - North Carolina.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to risk my chances on putting The Fool-Killer back to its old price. Print paper is still costing me twice as much as it did before the war; but the general trend of prices is downward, and I want to give my readers the benefit of all possible reduction, because I know times are hard and money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

PARAGRAPHS.

I'm tolerable, thank ye. How are you?

This old world is a plum sight, anyhow.

It looks like the "next war" has started.

If the moon had a baby, would the sky-rocket?

Now is the time to remember old Grover.

How to avoid paying an honest debt—don't make the debt.

If you don't like this-here talk, you are welcome to it anyhow.

The spoon that stirs the gravy is the spoon that rules the world.

West Virginia is getting more normalcy than it knows what to do with.

It looks sorter bad to see the dove of peace roosting on top of a battleship.

A good deal of the stuff that passes for human nature is just pure cussedness.

Most people are all right when they are asleep. The trouble is, they don't sleep enough.

A young fool will sometimes

The Republican papers these days are making a fuss sorter like an old wind-broken hoss trying to drink fodder through a quill.

I have just read about a man who quit being a Christian Scientist because he said he was "tired of being so durned happy all the time."

A man and his wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

You might as well try to pull an auger hole out of a log as to undertake keeping the drotted millionaire grafters out of the Senate.

The coming Disagreement Conference at Washington is going to look like a man with forty-seven legs trying to put on his breeches.

You can't get any sense nor reason out of an orthodox fool. You might as well try to milk a broom handle.

Many a mister man whose voice was made to drive a team of muley bulls with, has got it hemmed up in one corner of a two story collar trying to make it preach.

There is a kind of cloth on the market called "duck." If a-body

Why Not a Secretary of Peace?

In the city of Washington, just a short distance from the White House, there is a great and magnificent stone building called the War and Navy Building. It looks more like a mountain or a great cliff of some sort than it does like a building.

The inside of that building is working alive with the diplomatic and business end of Uncle Sam's war making machinery. Its very name presupposes that war is one of the important and desirable things that men must engage in.

And so they have a "Secretary of War." And he has a whole army of assistants, and they all live there in a sort of "I-dare-you-to-touch-me" atmosphere, all busy as bees working out plans for the nice, healthy wars that are so nececsary and so pleasant.

But if we are a Christian nation and desire peace, I wonder why we don't have a Peace Building and a Secretary of Peace?

When our slick and oily officials come out and talk to us common plugs they pretend that they want to give us peace. They pretend that they are working for our interests. And we are such hang-taked, wooden-headed idiots that we can't see through the hypocritical mask of mock-piety that covers their devilish mugs.

Why, man alive, if the government really wanted peace, it would convert its War Building money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see and send word to the rest that they can now get The Fool-Killer again at the old price—25 cents for a single susbcription, or 15 cents each in clubs of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like you did in the old days, and I'll do my level best to keep 'em awake.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

pure cussedness.

Most people are all right when they are asleep. The trouble is, they don't sleep enough.

A young fool will sometimes learn better, but an old fool never does. How old are you?

If I say anything in this paper that makes you mad, I hope you will write and apologize to me.

How do you like to sop your mental flap-jack in The Fool-Killer's editorial molasses?

The world is trying to turn a sharp corner without slowing down, and there is going to be another wreck.

A New York magazine has printed a poem entitled "Hell's Resurrection." Yes, there is always somebody ready to raise hell.

Out yander in Oklahoma there is a law firm by the name of Ryder & Hurt. How cruel! They ought not to Ryder if it Hurts.

If you find something in The Fool-Killer that makes you mad—well, honey, you'll just have to scratch your mad place.

The plutes of the world are mighty glad there is a famine in Russia. It gives them one more thing to pack on the Soviets.

of muley bulls with, has got it hemmed up in one corner of a two story collar trying to make it preach.

There is a kind of cloth on the market called "duck." If a-body had a suit of that cloth and it was a good fit, wouldn't that be a duck-fit?

When you hear it said these days that a politician's record is "spotless," it generally means that it is solid black all over.

A headline in a Pennsylvania paper says: "Party of Five Escape Death by Drowning." Well, now, if that ain't a new way to escape death!

The people of olden times didn't have The Fool-Killer to read. It makes me right plum sorry for them every time I think about it.

A writer of Sunday School "helps" is running a series called 'The Lesson in a Nutshell." And I'll be swinge-taked if he couldn't put all he knows about it in the shell of a turnip-seed.

A North Carolina sport is in trouble because he is engaged to two girls named Kate, and he wants to know how to extricate himself. Good land, I don't see what he wants with an extra Kate. Looks like two Kates would be a plenty.

taked, wooden-headed idiots that we can't see through the hypocritical mask of mock-piety that covers their devilish mugs.

Why, man alive, if the government really wanted peace, it would convert its War Building into a Peace Building. It would swap off its gold-braided, sword-rattling Secretary of War and get a real, true-hearted, Christ-following Secretary of Peace.

If the government would work as hard preparing for peace as it works preparing for war, it could have peace. But any fool knows that we are not going to have peace as long as we spend all of our energies and all of our money for war.

Why don't a Sunday School have a Secretary of Cussing?

Why don't a missionay society have a Secretary of Idolatry?

Why don't a clothing store have a Secretary of Nakedness?

Why don't a bankers' association have a Secretary of Poverty?

Why don't a great university have a Secretary of Ignorance?

All these things would be just as reasonable and just as right as for a peace-loving nation to have a Secretary of War.

Now can you look me in the eye and say that I haven't told the truth?

Say, Mister Republican Voter, you just might as well stand to the rack, fodder or no fodder. You voted for this.

THE HOUR OF DOOM

The Fool Killer is not trying to be an agitator of unrest.

It is not trying to stir up strife and make bad matters worse.

No sir!

It is simply trying to "hold up the mirror to nature," as the poet says, and let the world see for itself just what kind of a looking thing it is.

The Fool Killer hasn't made the unrest, any more than the looking glass makes the freckles on a gal's nose, but it just wants to tell you the unrest is here.

And it wants to tell you WHY the unrest is here, and why it is going to stay here for a while. It is because the TIME HAS COME for the general overturning of all established institutions of every kind.

There is no man and no set of men on earth that could have prevented things from getting in the shape they are now, and no man nor set of men can make them any better until the DIVINE PURPOSE of this upheaval is achieved.

The old clock of Time has come around to the striking point, and the hour of DOOM has struck for many of this old world's pet institutions.

It is utterly useless for the conservatives and reactionaries to fight against the tide of change.

They might just as well bristle up and try to subdue a cyclone.

They just might as well try to

Preachers Please Answer.

Once in awhile the plute publications allow a good thing to slip in. I just happened to be looking back over an old copy of the American Magazine, and found the following which I had marked in an article by Bruce Barton:

"Whenever I see a faction of folks who seem to me most in need of criticism, most wrong in their ideas and influence, I cannot forget what a sorry appearance that crowd must have presented that followed Jesus of Nazereth along the shores of Galilee. When I find all the good men on one side of any question, I am reminded that all the leading citizens were on the side that sent Socrates to death and that stoned Stephen in the market-place."

(And he might have added "that sent Debs to prison.")

But read the above again, and think about it. There is a great lesson in it. We are too much inclined to think that the popular thing is the right thing, and that the unpopular thing is always bad and dangerous. Why, sakes alive, man, when you come right down to the facts it is more often just the other way. You may study the history of every reform movement that has ever been in the world and you will find that all the big leaders of society, church and state were against them.

I have been advertising for an orthodox preacher who is willing

Two Terrible Twins.

See here, Mr. Thinking Man, I want to talk to your head a few minutes on the general subject of "Politics and Theology."

Did you ever stop to think that the old selfish, persecuting, unreasonable, reactionary politics and the old fogified, superstitious, prejudiced and hell-scared reactionary theology always go hand in hand?

Well, they do.

Whenever I find an old political mummy who was intellectually dead and dried up thirty years ago, and who has never learned anything since, I don't usually need to ask about that man's theology. I know that his old empty heart is as dry and crusty as a last year's raw-hide, and I know that "immortal soul" and "eternal torment" rattle about in it like two peas in a bladder.

But whenever I find a man who has got his eyes open politically—who has begun to see that the old political parties and those who operate through them are all frauds and humbugs—I generally find that he has also cut his wisdom teeth in the matter of religion He no longer allows himself to be intimidated by the threats of a savage theology.

The fact is that in order to be entirely free you must get loose from both these Dark Age institutions. It don't help much to get loose from one while you are still a slave to the other. The

About Correspondence.

I used to print a column or two of letters from my readers in each issue of The Fool-Killer, and would be glad to continue doing so, but the Post Office Department has ruled that these letters are "advertising," and I am required to pay an excessively high rate of postage on the paper if I print the letters. That is a very unfair ruling, but there isn't a thing in the world I can do to help myself, except to just not print the letters. But I want you to know that I appreciate your letters just the same—and the clubs, too. The subs are coming now in a regular stream—sorter like old times. Keep it up, friends.

—James Larkin Pearson.

It is perhaps a good thing that they put off the disagreement conference till winter. If they had opened it up during the hot weather it would certainly have soured. And I'm afraid it will anyhow.

Now that the government has acknowleged that the Emergency Fleet was a mistake, maybe it will finally acknowlege that the whole hang-taked war was a mistake.

It is said that Europe now has fifteen million more women than men. Looks to me like they will have to introduce polygamy over there in order to enable those fifteen million women to raise more men to kill in war. Great game that is!

Dummycats write and ask me to lambast the Republicans, and Republicans write and suggest institutions.

It is utterly useless for the conservatives and reactionaries to fight against the tide of change.

They might just as well bristle up and try to subdue a cyclone.

They just might as well try to sweep back the tide of the ocean with a feather duster.

Gentlemen, it can't be done.

God's hand is in this "radical movement," as you call it, and God will see that it goes through to a finish.

Senates will deliberate.
Committees will investigate.
Philosophers will meditate.
Orators will orate.
Agitators will agitate.
Strong men will fulminate.
Weak men will supplicate.

But it will all amount to nothing.

Human institutions as we have heretofore known them are on a greased track, and they are taking their swift ride down and out.

The next stop will be the end of the road.

When the devil wants something done that he is ashamed to do himself, he turns the job over to a hypocrite.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambear squirting church members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

the history of every reform movement that has ever been in the world and you will find that all the big leaders of society, church and state were against them.

I have been advertising for an orthodox preacher who is willing to say that he would have joined with Jesus and his little bunch of ragged fishermen if he had been living at that time, but I haven't found him yet. The preachers can primp up their long faces and talk mighty sugary about Jesus now, since He and His cause have gained recognition in the world, but how many of them would have been willing to face the disgrace of being one of His early disciples? That's what I want to know.

The smaller a man's heart is the more meanness it can hold.

The surest way to get money out of a farm is to discover a gold mine on it.

Life is made up of what we haven't done and what we are going to do.

During McKinley's administration the Republican spellbinders went around boasting that a farmer could spade up a calf-track and sell it for more than a whole calf would bring under Grover. But now, under this Hardtimes prosperity, a calf wouldn't pay for enough ground to make a track on.

intimidated by the threats of a savage theology.

The fact is that in order to be entirely free you must get loose from both these Dark Age institutions. It don't help much to get loose from one while you are still a slave to the other. The old creeds are very useful to the old reactionary political windjammers—they help to keep the people tangled up and bewildered, thus making it easier to pick their pockets.

I am sending out a few sample copies of this issue. If you happen to get one it is an invitation for you to subscribe and get up a club.

Why, yes, honey, there are other papers published, but you will have to hunt a long time before you find anything else as rich and juicy as The Fool-Killer. It has them all skinned a mile.

No sir, I am not opposed to wealth. Wealth is a good thing. There is enough wealth in the world for everybody, and everybody ought to have it. It is poverty I object to.

Forty per cent of the world's gold in the United States, and forty per cent of our people ragged and hungry! At that rate, if we had the other sixty percent of the world's gold we would all have to go to the poor house.

there in order to enable those fifteen million women to raise more men to kill in war. Great game that is!

Dummycats write and ask me to lambast the Republicans, and Republicans write and suggest that I cuss out the Dummycats. All right, boys, I am going to comply with both requests, and then you will both be mad. People are kuris things, anyhow.

It seems to be very difficult for some people to comprehend that the world is NOT going back to its old pre-war status. And that, my dear sheep, is what I am trying to hammer into your noggins. The old world is passing away with a great noise, and all things are to be made new, just as the Bible says. It may go against the grain of some of the plutocrats and profiteers, but I can't help that. It is a fact, and you are all going to see it.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

JUDGMENT DAY FOR THE ZR-2.

Once more the world stands aghast at the pitiful failure of humanity's biggest plans.

Once more the hand of fate has written in letters of fire the doom of the wicked nations.

Once more the efforts of puny man to defy and outdo his Creator have come to a sudden and tragic end.

For more than two years the United States Navy has had under construction a great airship of the Zeppelin type, the cost of which was a mere trifle of Two Million Dollars. A "hangar" to keep it in when not in use had also been built at a cost of Three Million Dollars. Five Millions in all. The "hangar" is big enough to put the sky in and have plenty of room for the moon to pass under the rafters.

The name of the great airship was the ZR-2.

It was 695 feet long, and rather large for its size.

It was equipped with all the modern devices for killing people—inventions that the world has been working on ever since the recent war ended.

It could carry bombs enough to wipe out a whole city or sink a whole fleet in a few hours.

Well, the thing was finished and tried out. It worked like a charm. Its makers and its own-

might just as well begin. By killing 47 men and blowing its own guts out, perhaps it saved the lives of many thousands.

And I do hope to God that every future airship they build for the hellish business of war will meet a similar fate. If that machine had been built for the useful pursuits of peace I don't have any idea the wreck would have occurred. I notice that nearly all the bad wrecks of flying craft happen to be army or navy machines. Along last spring two big army planes were wrecked within a day or two of each other, with the loss of many lives.

You don't often hear of such things happening to the mail planes that are flying every day. It is the kind of BUSINESS that these war machines engage in that calls down upon them the wrath of God.

This is another proof that the Golden Age is beginning, and that Satan is losing his control of the air. The righteous influence of the Millennial Kingdom is beginning to take control. In the future years every machine that flies for peace will be blessed, but every machine that tries to fly for war will get seven kinds of hell knocked out of it the first trip.

THE PRESIDENTIAL COFFIN NAIL.

The No Tobacco League of A-

ever having one. But at last the great blessing fell upon us just like a shirt-tail full of manna from heaven, and we lifted up our left hind foot and wept tears of joy as big as hoss-apples.

And I tell you right now that any doggon League which thinks it is going to fumigate the White House and remove the yaller nicotine stains from the presidential fingers has got another guess coming.

It is a well-known fact that this present cigarette administration has been the means of putting hope and courage back into the lives of millions of cigarette suckers who had lost all self-respect. They were unable to get a job in any respectable business, and unable to hold a job if they happened to get one. So they were just out of luck all around and utterly hopeless. They felt that they were an inferior tribe and not wanted anywhere. But when they lifted up their noses and smelled the satisfying odor of cigarettes wafted down from the White House, lo and behold, they jumped sixteen feet straight up and grabbed departing hope by the tail and hung on like a mud-turtle to a nigger's toe.

So today that great army of hollow-eyed, hatchet-faced, sunken-chested, spindle-legged, dull-minded and yaller-fingered cigarette smokers have the satisfaction of feeling that they are equal to the president of the Benited

OUR PIECE OF PEACE.

America's separate peace treaty with Germany is getting under way, but with difficulty. Step by step the negotiations proceed, encountering here and there apparently insurmountable snags. Pending final outcome, it was learned from an authoritative source, a preliminary agreement will be reached which will provide for resumption of busines.—News Report.

Huh?

What's that?

Still trying to make peace with Germany?

Still trying to end a war that ended three years ago?

What has become of our late-lamented "peace resolution" that we had such a terrible time over, and finally got it crammed thru both houses and signed by President Normalcy while out on one of his missionary trips trying to save the immortal soul of a golf ball.

I thought the war was going to be over and peace with Germany all ripe and ready to pull just as soon as we got that momentous "resolution" signed.

But there seems to be a mistake somewhere.

Something has gone wrong.

A belt has slipped or a cogwheel has busted, and the machinery of peace refuses to run.

They have squirted a whole barrel of "peace resolution" grease into its guts, and that don't seem to help it nary bit.

Now they have got to give it a

It could carry bombs enough to wipe out a whole city or sink a whole fleet in a few hours.

Well, the thing was finished and tried out. It worked like a charm. Its makers and its owners predicted for it a long and useful career of bloody slaughter.

About two weeks ago they were giving it the final preliminary test before actually putting it into the government service to kill people in the "next war."

Everything was lovely and the goose was hanging high. But all of a sudden something went wrong up in the heavens, and there was a terrible explosion that shook the brass buttons off of Mars's military uniform and blowed star-dust into the eyes of the man in the moon.

The monster airship parted in the middle and fell to the ground, a blazing wreck. They got a hay-rake and gathered up a few pieces of the 47 men who were killed.

And so ended the career of the ZR-2.

The Z stood for Zero.

The R stood for Ruin.

The 2 stood for the two pieces that fell after the explosion tore the middle out.

Now here is the lesson:

This devil-of-a-thing belonged to the U. S. Navy. It was designed and built for the express purpose of killing people—and I suppose the old thing thought it

trip.

THE PRESIDENTIAL COFFIN NAIL.

The No Tobacco League of America has passed a resolution asking President Harding to stop smoking cigarettes.—News Item.

Oh, dry up!

Close the gash in your face!

What have you got to do with it, Mr. No Tobacco League of America?

Maybe you've got a right to butt in about some things, and maybe a cigarette in the gab-trap of an ordinary cheap skate comes within your jurisdiction.

But I am afraid you are taking in too much territory when you undertake to meddle with the presidential coffin nail.

Didn't the people of this country say by about seven million majority that they wanted a cigarette sucker in the White House?

And now here comes the No Tobacco League of America trying to deprive the American people of the great honor which they have achieved. Trying to rob them of the fruits of their victory.

Just think!

This poor old government had to struggle along for nearly a hundred and fifty years without ever being able to have a cigarette smoker in the White House. We had begun to lose all hope of

hollow-eyed, hatchet-faced, sunken-chested, spindle-legged, dull-minded and yaller-fingered cigarette smokers have the satisfaction of feeling that they are equal to the president of the Benited States, and they firmly believe that just a few more packs of coffin nails will land them in the White House. Can't you see what an elevating influence that would have on a fellow's mind?

And think, also, of the honor that comes to the lowly cigarette. Never having known any better fate than to stink itself away between the decayed teeth and rotting gums of the one-gallus cheap skate, how proud it must feel to keep company with the gold tooth and Bourbon breath of a real president!

Who would be so cruel and so unpatriotic as to cut out the presidential coffin nail?

Who would dare to lay profane hands upon the official match box or fumigate the executive chair?

Not me.

I will just hold my peace.

And my nose.

We can't all be honest—somebody has got to go to Congress.

Every great truth that has ever come to the world was denounced as a lie when it first came. It takes the fool people about a hundred years to get acquainted with a new truth so that they are not afraid of it.

chinery of peace refuses to run.

They have squirted a whole barrel of "peace resolution" grease into its guts, and that don't seem to help it nary bit.

Now they have got to give it a dose of "preliminary arrangement" to clean out its system, and start all over again.

Dear, O Dear!

What a job it is to end our war with Germany!

Our self-starter worked all right, but something seems to be the matter with our self-stopper.

But what I want to know is this:

If the "peace resolution" didn't give us peace, what DID it give us?

Does anybody know?

There may be lots of honest men in this country, but they are all lost in the woods, and we can't spare the time to hunt for them.

A man's stomach is sorter round, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that strange?

Pass around a great truth on a flowered waiter, and nobody will pay any attention to it. But you put the same truth in a sling-shot and knock the blamed fools down with it and I'll bet you five cents they take notice. That's The Fool-Killer's way of doing business. If you don't like it, you are welcome to it anyhow.